

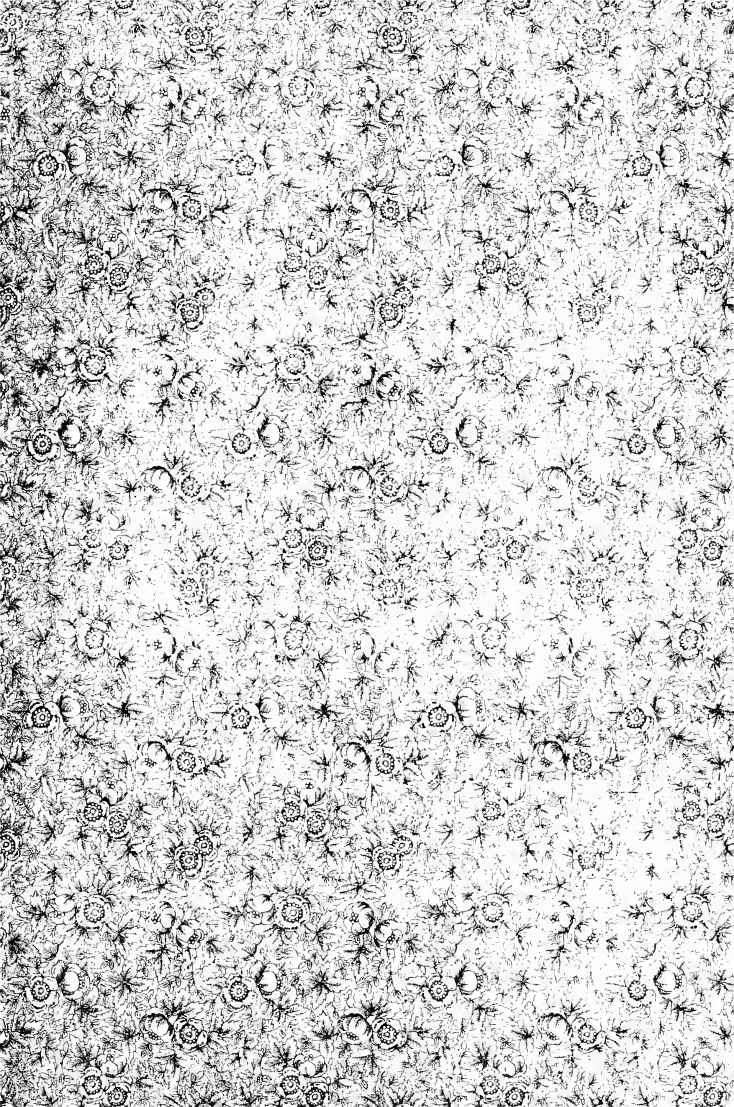


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FRANCES SLOCUM;

*THE LOST SISTER.*

ALSO

SIDNEY LEAR;

*A METRICAL ROMANCE.*



# FRANCES SLOCUM;

*THE LOST SISTER.*

A POEM,

By

CALEB EARL WRIGHT,

*Author of "Marcus Blair," Etc.*

ROBERT BAUR & SON,  
PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,  
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## DEDICATION.

Amongst the many affecting incidents attending the early settlement of the beautiful valley of Wyoming, and in the stirring times of the Revolutionary War, was the capture and carrying into captivity of Frances Slocum at the age of five years. She was the daughter of a Quaker, whose Family, whilst the chief portion of the resident families had fled, ventured to remain in the valley of the noted massacre, in July, 1778.

But short time after the common exodus, a lurking band of the Delawares, seized the little girl, who, with outstretched hands towards the anguished mother, was borne from a home it was no more her privilege to see.

In search of the lost, the brothers for many subsequent years made fruitless journeys throughout the northern portion of the Union and provinces of Canada. To the dying mother, who never lost faith in the final discovery of her child, the sons made assurance of continued efforts.

It was not until the lapse of sixty years, and after the mother's decease, intelligence reached them, that a white woman, the widow of a Miami Chief, was residing amongst that tribe in the state of Indiana. That to a Government Agent she had asserted, that her birth place was on the Susquehanna, and her father's name was Slocum.

Thrilled with the intelligence, the two brothers, and the sister, older than the captive, hastily set forth. "Joseph," said the latter, as they approached the designated place; "we shall certainly know if it is Frances, as her finger-nail was hammered off by thee in the smithshop."

It has been my aim to pay some tribute to the memory of this victim of savage rapacity, and to dedicate the same to two descendants of the Slocums, Edmund Griffin Butler and George Slocum Bennett.

C. E. W.

7th March, 1879.



# FRANCES SLOCUM.

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## I.

"I had not thought to see thy face ; and lo, God hath shewed me  
also thy seed."

*Israel to Joseph.*

Imperial Moosic ! On thy brow  
The tread of centuries is stamp'd  
A target of the blinding snow,  
By fleecy, drifting vapor damp'd.

No pride of forest growth is thine,  
But gnarléd bush and creeping vine ;  
No tenant of that frigid face  
Save one, aerial king sublime,  
And paramount of all the clime,  
Plum'd tyrant of the feather'd race.  
Perched on thy crags, his auric eye

Sweeps all the sylvan realm beneath—  
On meads aglow with varied dye,  
On mists that on the river lie—

On wand'ring herds of hill or heath;  
And ploughmen in the morning gleam  
Whistling behind the creeping team.

Not yet by summer rains effac'd  
The crimson stains by carnage trac'd,  
On meadow flow'r and forest bud—  
Memorial tablatures in blood!  
For through yon gorge, like avalanche

Its torrent pouring down the Alps,  
In hot precipitate advance,  
Briton and Tory joining blades  
With rangers of the forest glades,  
Demoniac traffickers in scalps,  
(That in the English marts of trade  
Were sought and purchas'd by the bale,)  
Swoop sudden on the fated vale,



In charging battle line array'd.  
Muster'd in haste—unmeet the band,  
This triune cohort to withstand.  
How brief the fray!—misnam'd a fight—  
But test of mastery in flight.  
A bloodless conflict of the field,  
    A horror when the sword was sheath'd—  
A day that darker crime reveal'd  
    Than yet by bulletin bequeath'd.

Three moons or more their light have shed  
    Upon this gory slaughter pen.  
Revering hands have glean'd the dead;  
    Gather'd from plain and hill and glen,  
From willow copse and dark ravine,  
And cinder heaps of house or shed  
And from the river's banks and bed.  
Grim witnesses, of ghastly mien,  
    To broken faith and plighted word—  
Upon each skull, distinctive seen,

Gashes of tomahawk or sword,  
And scalpless ev'ry patriot's head,  
These mantles over manhood spread,  
Invoice'd, as merchantable stores,  
To consignees on foreign shores.

But now are gone the files of war,  
And hush'd the morning drum's tattoo ;  
No bugle note or shout afar,  
Or neighing steeds with foaming flank  
Rush furious from rank to rank ;  
The field is won, the conflict through,  
And where the dead in slaughter sank,  
The springing clover wet with dew.

II.

Not full the measure of domestic peace

To them, the forests turning into fields;

Not theirs from boding fears to find release,

Or sleep the sleep for which fatigue appeals ;

Their sweating labor winning slow increase

Of promis'd store the furrow'd soil reveals ;

For, night by night, the settler's fireside group

May, ringing in their ears, wake to the prowlers'  
whoop.

From mountain slope, or copse, or reedy sedge,

From hazle clump or alder's cov'ring shade,

With reeking knife, and ire of keener edge,

And willing hand to drive the piercing blade ;

And glitt'ring eyes that bitter deeds presage,

Gairish in pomp of rudest taste display'd,

The Delaware, with hellish hate imbued,  
Would glut on helpless babes, his savage thirst for  
blood.

Who yet with the authentic pen has shed  
The light of truth historic on this race?  
Grim Torture's sons!—wielding the hatchet red,  
Firing the splints thrust into breast and face;  
Stripping with gory blade the captive's head,  
Of that fair crown a Maker put in place.  
For lengthen'd ages, but one Nero sprung;  
These, each and all alike, spare neither old nor  
young.

Whose blood of any here comes down from one  
Of that doom'd circle plac'd by yonder rock?  
Is not the battle o'er—the day's work done,  
And peace succeeded the tumultuous shock?  
How is it, haughty, high Britainia's son  
This thing goes on?—is your pow'r but a mock?

Else why these men, standing for home and law,  
Here slaughtered, mangled, butcher'd by a toothless  
squaw.

Some, when the sword and torch and scalping knife  
Had rested from their labors in the vale,  
Yet linger'd in the wasted field of strife ;  
While others, old and young, and sick and frail,  
Tumultuous fled through forest regions, rife  
With all the terrors human breasts assail ;  
Cum'bring the paths extending wilds becloud,  
A helpless, houseless, famish'd, wild despairing  
crowd.

Led by an inward, ever burning light  
Of *peace* the warrant and goodwill to men ;  
Oppos'd to wrong, defenders of the right,  
Believing God his holy benison  
Bestows where peace and kindly love unite,  
Meekly treading, the pathway of his son ;

Are those, who deem war's gory sway should cease,  
Like Penn, unarm'd, who conquest won by deeds of  
peace.

Yet in the fated valley resident,  
In quiet occupation of their lands ;  
Or at their forge, or o'er the needle bent,  
Believing in the Mighty God's commands,  
That by the sweating face should bread be sent ;  
Were those of peaceful lives and bloodless hands.  
One family, when those around had flown,  
Trusting in God and harmless lives, were left alone.

### III.

The smithy furnace fire is out ;  
And still'd the clinking anvil's din ;  
The usual debris strewn about,  
And apron hung upon its pin ;  
For but an hour the smith is gone,  
And wife and babes are left alone.  
Far better had the father stay'd,  
Defender of his hearth and home ;  
Mayhap not on his heart had laid  
Through lapse of years the weight of doom.  
The housewife o'er her task is bent,  
The artless children all at play ;  
When through the door in fierce array  
Rushes the hideous visitant ;  
Wolves less intent upon their prey !  
The peaceful throngs of other climes

Beneath the banner of the law,  
In hearing of the welcome chimes  
That saints to sweet communion draw ;  
May vainly judge the dark abyss,  
Whelming the soul in hours like this.  
Not mother's pray'r nor infant's cry,  
Nor wail in brutal clutch, avails ;  
The cord that knits humanity,  
That love that over all prevails,  
The love which on the fatal tree  
Set crime from condemnation free,  
A passion is of Heav'nly grace,  
That in the savage has no place.

A stripling by a neighbor sent  
Has ground his knife ; and with his thumb  
Touches the sharpened edge, intent  
To know if well the task is done ;  
Too well forsooth !—with horror dumb,  
All see one demon snatch the knife ;



And when another myrmidon  
Has sent a bullet through his throat,  
The other slashes off his crown,  
And all the cottage floor 's afloat  
With crimson rivulets of life.  
Now wild despair ! the anguish'd mother  
Joyful perceives two offspring fly ;  
A fragile girl drags forth a brother,  
Tender of age and flying hears  
The savage whoop and mocking jeers,  
Mingled with wail and piteous cry  
Of those left in captivity.  
What change few fleeting moments bring !  
The airy castles that we build,  
And Fancy's supple fingers gild  
And garnish with the bloom of spring,  
*One* autumn frost, one tempest gust,  
And naught but unimbodied dust !

Stamp'd on the mother's heart away,  
Last vision of the fated day !  
Borne through the sedge in hurried race  
    One little hand stretch'd back to her—  
    Shudd'ring Despair's interpreter !  
The other parting on her face  
    The fallen curls, that hid the white  
Features, that never more shall trace  
    The eyes that caught her infant smile ;  
And watch'd each petal charm unfurl,  
For she, more rich than ocean pearl,  
    Slung on the demon's shoulder vile,  
Doom'd chaplet of the mother's pride,  
Pass'd down Oblivion's silent tide.

#### IV.

Through sombre woods the foaming waters glide,  
Of Sinnawango on its rocky bed ;  
The beetling hills that o'er its course preside  
Their cooling zephyrs on its bosom shed ;  
And on the mystic landscape, far and wide,  
Endless, unbounded, green-clad forests spread.  
That day, in nature's wildest garb impearl'd,  
As when the Spaniard's keel first touch'd the newfound  
world.

Here, where the mountain cleft, a passage makes  
Both for the traveler and plunging stream ;  
In a close nook o'erhung with summer brakes,  
And shut beyond the reach of sunny beam ;  
The Delaware his oily blanket takes,  
And with few leaves constructs, in his esteem,

A bed sufficient for the helpless child ;  
Now worn with ceaseless grief, and from exhaustion  
mild.

Strange and appalling to the infant mind  
This couching 'neath the starry sky alone ;  
The waving boughs as spectres unconfin'd—  
The distant howl of wolves and owls' loud tone—  
With darkness deep and solitude combin'd ;  
Dread weight upon the little weeper thrown !  
Silent the mess—no word, or flame arose,  
That might to other's eyes the covert camp dis-  
close.

This night, but this, traditions tongue has nam'd ;  
No word remains or mention of the rest ;  
How pinch'd with frost, or how by travel lam'd,  
How hunger gnawed, or thirst at times distress'd ;  
Whether the will by word or blow was tam'd,

The tender flow'r how trampled or caress'd ;  
Are secrets hidden in the gulf of time—  
Deep, fathomless, unknown, as wrecks in ocean  
slime.

V.

Through the green bottom of the west,  
Reflecting from its glassy breast  
The leafy canopy above,  
There flows past open glade and grove  
A tribute to the Wabash river.  
Upon its bank near summer eve  
Came weary on his jaded steed  
A stranger, seeking to receive  
Shelter and lodging, food and feed,  
With compensation to the giver.  
There was an Indian structure, plac'd  
Apart, far better in the main,  
Than those the settlement embrac'd ;  
And here the traveler drew rein.  
He had, for many years, among  
The western natives peaceful dwelt ;

He knew their ways and spoke their tongue,  
Had traffick'd for their furs and pelt ;  
Nor this the first time he had sought  
For shelter in an Indian hut.

Enter'd, rous'd on her couch of furs,  
Feeble and wan, ag'd and alone,  
A solitary woman stirs.

He hails her in the English tongue—  
No answer from her lips is wrung.  
But in *Miami* words address'd,  
A shade of pleasure veils the face ;  
Half rising on the couch she press'd  
Quick grants, in more than Indian grace,  
Concession to the man's request.

Erelong the visitor espied  
The woman's hair was light of hue ;  
And portions of the arm in view  
Were not in tint of native dy'd.

"Madam," the stranger gravely said,

" I would not thoughtlessly inquire---  
But how is this ? "

" I 'm not afraid  
To answer now. Though I had thought,  
To carry with me to the tomb  
My secret so with marvels fraught.

But age draws on, and in the gloom  
Of waning strength and wasting pow'rs,  
And length'ning stretch of weary hours,  
It may not be amiss to tell  
A mystery conceal'd so well.  
And then so many moons are gone ;

And I must very soon be laid,  
Beneath the lilies of the glade,  
And sleep forever with my own ;  
I 'll tell the secret that has clung  
So long in hiding on my tongue.  
'T is true, that I *am white*."

" And why

Then here ? "



“There lies the cause that kept  
Me still. I could not tell, except  
To do my dearest ones a wrong ;  
For they broke up a sacred tie  
That knit me to my home and kin.  
Yet I with them have happy been ;  
And for this past felicity,  
Freely forgive them their offense.”  
“And what was that ?”

“By violence,  
They forced me from my mother's door,  
And carried me long distance o'er,  
To their own home.”

“How old were you ?”  
“But five years old. And since that day,  
Sixty bright years have passed away.  
There was another reason, too,  
Why I concealed my dwelling place.  
My kindred, knowing, would have come  
And forc'd me to my former home,

And all my happiness efface."

"Where was that home?"

"I cannot say.

But 't was by Susquehanna's side ;

The name has faded from my mind.

With Quakers was my father join'd,  
And wore his hat brim very wide."

"And did you always here abide?"

"No. With the Delawares at first.  
I married first a Delaware ;

Then a Miami chief. The worst  
And best of life is passed. And where  
My people lie, I go content."

"In such way amongst strangers sent,  
What name, if any, did you bear?"

"Ma-con-a-quah. A pretty name?"

"Euphonious to others' ears !  
Did they who granted you the same,  
Make blythe and glad the after years?"

"No joy was lacking. Day by day

From morn till night unceasing play ;  
No irksome task of school or tent,

But only on diversion bent,

We children of a diff'rent race

Sported in romp and frolic chase.

Much handsomer *I* was than they,

(But this I do not vainly say);

And by my counsel they were led ;

For I could to a hundred count.

Alone my pony I could mount

And track the marten to his bed.

I call'd my pony Yellow Leaf ;

A present from the ruling chief ;

My grandchild so was after nam'd.

'T was thus in joy my childhood sped

Till riper years new purpose claim'd.

They told me I should be a queen,

If I the " Hunted Wolf " would wed.

But there was one who on the green

Took always in his hand my own.

He said my eyes like diamonds shone ;  
And, so it always is, you know,  
We like them most who praise bestow.  
All this was sixty years ago ! ”

“ Your mother—did you her forget ? ”

“ It is so long, I scarce remember.

But I’ve some recollection yet

Of crying all the first night through,  
Upon the leaves beneath the timber,  
Seeing her eyes with anguish wet,

As I was hurried from her view.

But such a new, strange world of wonder

Broke sudden on my dazzled eyes,

Was it surprising it should sunder

In childish heart all other ties ? ”

Unsearchable the dark decrees

Of Him, omniscient pow’r on high ;

Past finding out the mysteries

Our earthly walks that underlie,

And make or mar our destiny ;  
Until the veil that blinds our gaze,  
Is lifted in the day of days.  
The clouds that sorrows 'round us throw  
Ere long at the Supreme command,  
Shall waste in the celestial glow  
That guides to the eternal strand.  
And why this brightly budding flow'r  
Should bloom within a desert bow'r ?  
And why the mother on her tears  
Swam stricken down the tide of years ?  
Will burst at last upon the sight,  
Unveil'd in the supernal light.

The fruits, in measure, who can name  
That Ma-con-a-qua's kindness bore ?  
The stranger welcom'd at her door,  
The herald of her fate became.  
Rumor the tidings swiftly bears—  
They reach the sunder'd kinsmen's ears—

They 'rouse the nation's sympathy,  
Who by congressional decree ;  
    (Most noble and majestic Giver !)  
Bestow upon the widow'd queen,  
The forest wide and prairie green,  
    On tribute of the Wabash river.

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## VI.

A measur'd statute mile on every side,  
    Embracing scope of billowy, prairie plain ;  
And spreading far the grassy meadows wide,  
    With fertile fields ornate with waving grain ;  
And here and there, dress'd in primeval pride,  
    Great timber groves that deck the wide domain ;  
By deed, a nation's solemn impress bears,  
To Ma-con-a-qua granted, and her lineal heirs.

The browsing herds doze in the thicket's shade,  
    Or dreamy wander o'er the flow'ry lea ;  
Sixty gloss'd coursers gambol on the glade,  
    Or mass'd in squadrons flaunt in revelry ;  
In blossom pomp are rolling knolls array'd,  
    The God-provided banquet for the bee ;  
And all, as if in compensation giv'n,

To one for loss of name; from home and kindred  
riv'n.

In audience seated in resplendent furs,  
The widow'd queen of a dead potentate  
Impressive sat. On either side, of hers  
A daughter, both in Indian garb elate;  
And Yellowleaf, the grandam's heart who stirs  
To rapture undiminish'd by her fate.  
And in the presence now a suite appears—  
Sister, and brothers two, unseen for sixty years.

With scrutinizing, keen, observant eye,  
The visitors look on the aged dame;  
Brown'd by the sun, in savage finery,  
A Saxon, by adornment, save in name.  
She answers back their gaze so frigidly,  
They almost deem that lost for which they came.  
Grown more familiar soon, and less afraid,  
Through the interpreter are ready answers made.



“What is your age?” “That’s more than I can tell.”

“If you remember it, your birth-place name.”

“’T was on the Susquehanna.” “Very well ;

Tell us the town.” “So long ’t is since I came  
From there, that I forget it.” “Did you dwell

With other children?” “Three. The oldest lame.  
For that cause he was left. The other two  
Slipt out and got away. The fort was just in view.”

“Your christian’d name—do you remember that?”

“No—I forget. But Slocum was the last.”

“Frances?—was it?” Quick on the features sat

The first gleam of a smile—as if the past  
Flush’d in the sweet emotion it begat,

And freed the soul of darkness overcast.  
Stoic proclivity could not suppress  
The inward rising tide that swell’d beneath her “yes.”

In wild, excited, throbbing passions bound,

The others listen to that utter’d word.

One question more, but one, would they propound :

“ Show us the right forefinger.” At the word  
The hand is rais'd. The finger with its wound,  
(Nail lacking), at the brother's hand incurred  
Who now look'd on. “ Tell us, how this is so ? ”  
“ My brother, with a hammer—sixty years ago.”

What need of more ? Respondent to the pray'r,

A dying mother on the sons impress'd ;  
Trac'd, where the savage hid her in his lair,  
The lost is found. But grief beguiling quest !  
The brothers pace the room. In deep despair  
The anguish'd sister's tears flow unrepress'd.  
Meanwhile impassive, the Miami queen  
Shows no participation in the moving scene.

Inscrutable the tutorage that steels

The human heart, and chokes the tide of tears;  
Hiding the thrill that culture's school reveals,  
And cold alike in joy, in grief or fears.

What hidden impulse now her mask conceals,

By naught in face or heaving breast appears.

A moment *Frances* call'd, the veil's remov'd—

A glimpse of home—mother's last glance at the be-  
lov'd !

## VII.

Ere parting, Ma-con-a-quas fears  
By kindred love was brush'd away ;  
For ties of blood, relax'd for years,  
Re-knit with each succeeding day.  
But offer of a home once more  
Upon her native river's shore,  
The ag'd Miami queen declin'd.  
By fate her path had been assign'd  
To lauds where she her daughters bore.  
Her husbands slept in prairie mould,  
And she must slumber by their side ;  
That join'd again they might explore  
The forests of the Spirit's fold,  
And there in endless bliss abide.  
But ere the sands of life had run,  
Or her last journey had begun

To realms beyond the setting sun,  
Once more the welcome brothers came ;  
Kindling anew the pristine flame  
Of infant joys and frolic game,  
Where Susquehanna's waters flow,  
And flow'd, full sixty years ago.

## VIII.

Now bloom the hedge and prairie flow'rs,  
And sunlight falls in golden show'rs,  
Where Ma-con-a-quar's sandal'd feet  
In autumn chill and summer's heat,  
Frod lithsome through the forest glades,  
And while Miami's hordes reside  
Beyond the Mississippi's tide ;  
*Her* line, with nobler blood alli'd  
In onward tread of Time's decades,  
By mystic enterweaving strains  
Will know no more distinctive's grades,  
But kinsmen all with kindred veins,  
As under Eden's blissful shades,  
The patriarch of Israel's flock  
Asenath's Nile-born sons caress'd ;  
He grafted them on Judah's stock

And with adopting blessing bless'd.  
And He, exalted pow'r Supreme,  
Who mingled in one common stream  
The blood of Jordan and the Nile ;  
Shall in his providence erewhile  
With Saxon warp and woof entwine  
The threads of Ma-con-a qua's line

(6)

## IX.

Down where the meadow lark sings,  
And the climbing jasmine clings ;  
Where the daisies grow,  
And hyacinths blow,  
And the air is perfume  
With the red clover's bloom,  
Hid by the prairie's soft mantle of green  
Peacefully slumbers the Miami queen.  
Above her are sweet symphonies—  
The bird song and hum of the bees,  
The sheen of the sun on the plain,  
And zephyr's enchanting refrain,  
A murmuring hymn in the trees.

Long, long may the dews of the morn,  
    (Bright pearls of the beautiful Giver),



The green mound with spangles adorn  
Above the lost one by the river.  
And *she*, of the grief-burden'd breast  
Whose blossom was blown from the stem,  
In the home of the blest  
The glad haven of rest,  
At last shall regain  
And forever retain  
Her Frances, her darling, a beautified gem.

THE END.



# SIDNEY LEAR.

## A METRICAL ROMANCE;

By



✓  
CALEB EARL WRIGHT,

*Author of "Rachel Craig," Etc.*

ROBERT BAUR & SON,  
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This slight tribute of respect (to one meriting far greater), is dedicated to Col. Charles Dorrance.

By his lifelong friend,

C. E. W.

Bucks County, Pa., 22d Mar., 1889.



## INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.

By permission of the author of the following poetic narrative, it is my pleasure to state: that I am grandson of Douglas Marr, therein referred to, who was at one time Colonel of a regiment in the Highland muster; afterward a prominent member of the Scottish bar; and subsequently, by royal favor, commissioned judge.

It seemed to me rather singular that I, a resident of Caithness, on a pleasure tour through parts of the American Union, seated in a railroad car, should overhear a somewhat heated discussion on a subject with which I was so familiar. It took place between two gentlemen occupying the seat directly in front of my own. One of them was an elderly man, somewhat corpulent, with prominent, restless black eyes, perpetually changing his position on the seat, and having a style of conversation interlarded with *hems* and *haves* to a remarkable extent. One more absent minded and forgetful is not often met with. He was much of the time hunting for his tooth-pick or pocket-handkerchief, which never found their way back whence they came. The conductor had several combats with him about his ticket; that one time was found under his feet, and at another in his hat. One side of his vest was buttoned lower than the other, and divers scraps of his lunch were left in his beard.

I had observed before taking seat directly behind him, that he afforded much amusement to a party of girls sitting on the opposite side of the car. It was doubtless unusual for them to see a man endeavoring to put both of his gloves on the same hand, or grasping his cane at the wrong end.

His companion was a man of forty, or thereabouts; of a quiet, self-possessed manner; holding in his hand a roll of manuscript. The con-

version of the two, I noticed on taking the seat behind them, had reference to a portion of its contents.

"Well;" the younger man was saying, "I have so put it down; and so it will go into the printer's hands."

"It's a—haw—ay—ch—scandalous falsifying of—hum—ha—fact;" the other asserted. "You've no right, I say, to do any such—hem—aw—thing. Where's my handkerchief gone to? Get up, you're—ch—what—hem—sitting on it."

"There it is under your feet. Any falsifying of facts I promptly disavow. What I have written is based on the highest authority."

"To the—hum—ch—dogs with your authority. So far as I've—em—ch—gone in this world; and the experience I've—hem—had, authority is—hem—as you say—aw—haw—ay—what is it?"

"Well, sir——"

"Ha—ho—hold on. Can't you allow a man time to—ch—ay—blow his nose? There, now," after finishing the task; "what was it—ch—humph—aw—I was about to say?"

"That it was not Caithness but Sutherland. And I should like to know your authority for persisting in the assertion that it was the latter?"

"That's a—em—ay—hem—question now. Didn't I live for years next door to—hem—ch—ay—one of the family? Yes, sir, I knew him—ch—aw—as well as one of my own family circle. His name's as—aw—hem—familiar to me as my own; this Mr.—Mr.—what name was it?"

"The name was Marr."

"Just so. But on me this—ay—hem—sleeve. Now, as to the residence of—ay—haw—the family of this Mr.—this Mr.—em—ha—what did you say his confounded name was?"

"Marr."

"Yes, Marr. What about him?"



"Simply this. You say his family were of Sutherland. I say of Caithness."

"You're always wrong. I can't understand why—aw—hem—ch—you blunder at everything. Now let me—humph—stop a bit. I've a toothpick somewhere about."

"You'll find it in your mouth. Did this man tell you the Marrs were of Sutherland?"

"It makes no odds—ch—hum—ha—what he told me. That much I knew without."

"Let me give you the source of my information?"

"You'll oblige me—ay—hum—ch—by giving me fewer of your contradic—ham—tions. Pick me up that glove."

"All I can say is, fact is fact."

"Hoot!—ha—ch—hem—that's gammon. I deny it. And as for your—ay—hem—trash, there in your lap, you'd better—ch—haw—throw the whole batch in the fire."

"Let me inform you, sir," the younger man responded, a good deal nettled, "that endurance has its limits; even endurance of another's incivility and ignorance. What I assert I know to be correct. I was in Scotland but two years ago, and was at the homestead of the Marrs in Caithness. Furthermore at the very house occupied by one of the most distinguished of their number. That was Judge Marr, a Colonel in the Pretender's army in '45, and subsequently one of the Scottish Judges. And I say, once for all, the family belonged to Caithness."

"And I say—hem—ch—you talk like a teapot. Sutherland—Sutherland, do you—ay—hem—hear? Sutherland; I'll bet my—aw—haw—hum—head on it."

"You will loose the wager, sir;" I ventured to interpose.

"Ho—ay—hum—who are you?" the old gentleman growled, turning upon me.

"Begging pardon for the interference, my dear sir," was my reply—

"I am Ossian Marr, grandson of the soldier and Judge of whom you were speaking. He and I were born in Caithness."

"Yes—eh—ay—Caithness, as I said. That's what I've been—ay—ham—contending the last hour. But this—aw—hum—ch—blockhead, would have it Sutherland. I knew all the time the Judge was born in—aw—hem—ch—where did you say it was?"

I renewed the information, of which the forgetful old gentleman took no heed, busily searching his pockets for something mislaid.

I took advantage of the first opportunity, aside from the senior of the two, to inquire something regarding the manuscript the other had in his hand; and to make some question as to the manner in which he had represented my kinsman.

The production he informed me was a Metrical Romance. That the part he had with him contained no allusion to Judge Marr. But he would cheerfully give me a letter, which I could present at the publishing house of Robert Baur & Son; nothing doubting but they would afford me inspection of the other part of the manuscript.

I in consequence waited on the Messrs. Baur, (of whose courtesy it is a pleasure to bear witness), and the MS. was promptly placed before me. On looking over it I was gratified to find that my ancestor had been correctly portrayed. And further, so far as the hasty reading enabled me, to find that all parts of the narrative were in strict accordance with truth.

Being myself, through the indulgence of my fellow countrymen, the poetic genius of their community, I have, with the consent of the author, appended to his volume an offering in rhyme; though an inferior epilogue, I admit, where merit calls for something more deserving.

Respectfully subscribed,

OSSIAN MARR.

Ankingill, Scotland, 2 Mar., 1880.

# SIDNEY LEAR.

## I.

“Whate’er I have in house or field,  
In purse or garner, crib and store;  
My heart to cheer and roof to shield,  
And all that love has grace to yield,  
Of mine be thine; and o’er and o’er  
I bid sweet welcome to my door.”

THE lake-born Connawasset, white with foam,  
And filling all the dreamy wild with din,  
Washes, in headlong race, the foot of brown  
Culloden Brae. This peak, through the long lapse  
Of time the eagle’s eyrie was, until  
Old Hubert Gray, driving the feather’d monarch  
Thence, usurp’d his throne, and made the granite  
Parapet his own. Here with unskilled hands  
He rear’d his hut. Earth furnish’d clay, the forest  
Logs. With axe and spade alone the zealous builder

Wrought. Two rooms below—the attic ladder —  
reach'd ;

The roof of bark, and floor of beaten earth,  
Wide was the chimney, with its iron trammel  
And bent hooks. Outside were field and garden,  
Fenc'd about with logs. A bubbling spring was  
At the door, sending swift down its warbling rill  
To join the Connawasset. A dog curl'd  
Sleeping on the doorway step ; and in the  
Distant swale the cowbell's minstrelsy  
Sweetened the passing hour through summer time ;  
Melodious making solitude.

Hubert,

Sitting at his door, twirling with idle  
Fingers the spaniel's silken ears ; musing  
Upon past days, past days of youthful glee,  
Of wrapt ambition, love, adventure, war ;  
And how, ere yet the badge of manhood crown'd  
His chin, he gambol'd with his fellows on  
The green ; and after, red with blushes and

Half guilty tread ventured within the realm,  
Intoxicating, rosy realm, where beauty reign'd ;  
And how with heart on fire a fond confusion  
Muddled and jangled all his forms of speech,  
As facing, sad to say, a pair of azure eyes.  
But well escap'd, though limping from the fray,  
How bearded manhood open'd forth,  
And far along the path of life the golden  
Gleam of fame uprose. And how—  
But hearken !— was it the panther's seeming  
Human cry ?— another, and another !—  
Notes of anguish, ringing the forest through.  
Upspringing in hot haste ; snatching the firelock  
Down, and bidding Jock attend him forth, he  
Rush'd away. The pathless route led on through  
Tangled brakes, and over jagged flint and  
Fallen trunks uprooted by the gale ;  
Meanwhile the piercing cries guiding his course.  
Anon, one glance down through the pendant boughs,  
Shading a woody dell, disclosed the cause

Of such a clamorous din. A fragile girl,  
Resisting with her might, her anguish'd face  
Half hid by loosen'd curls, was by a man  
Dragged rudely on the ground.

Wasting no time,  
The vet'ran raised the tocsin peal, wherewith  
In other days his squadron charged in war,  
And dashed upon the twain, attended by  
The yelping dog, heedless of snags that rent  
His garb or thorns that pierced his flesh.  
So fierce an onset panic-whelmed the foe,  
Who, dropping quick his victim, fled in haste.  
Hubert a moment view'd the prostrate form,  
Then gently touched her hand, which hastily  
The maid withdrew.

“ Poor lassie ! ” he began  
In soothing strains ; “ put now yer loof in mine,  
An' I will lift ye up.”

Again the little hand  
Shrank from the touch.

“Jirks it awa’!” the other  
Murmured. “Jirks it awa’! Winna allow  
The wee sma’ fingers touch’d. I’ll try once mair,  
Why, little lass, ye do me wrang. I would na  
For the hale wide worl’ do ye a harm.  
I’m ne’er a ghaist, that ye should startle at;  
Not I. But plain auld Hubert o’ the Brae;  
An honest man. Culloden Brae, I mean.  
’Twas my ain sel’ sae ca’d the dizzy craig.  
But of a’ this I’ll speak some ither time.  
Now come wi’ me, poor lassie, to my biggin.  
Ye shall hae nickle care.”

The daz’d and trembling  
Maiden raised her tearful eyes.

“Guid o’ye  
That!” said Hubert. “Vera guid. I mark yer  
Een o’ bonny blue. Ah! blue, blue een!  
How they ca’ up the hallow’d memories,  
The memories o’ ither days, the braw,  
Braw days in ither realms far aff! Ah, me!

The sparklin' een! Gie me yer hand."

Trembling,

The slender fingers crept within his own.

"Soft, soft," he musing, said, "an' white as snaw,

An' warm. Mony the dreary days are past,

Syne I hae felt the like. Sure, lassie, it

Would do na harm, if here an auld man's mou'

Should plant ane kiss?" And then, with rev'rent air,

A moment held the soft hand to his lips.

Then helping up the other to her feet,

Set forward for the cliff.

"Mind now your steps,"

He said in passing thence. "Mony the flints,

An' sharp, by brackens hid. Na path is this,

So I will haud your hand. An' may I spier,

Wha was the cruel mon that in rude manner

Draggit ye along?"

No answer came.

"Weel, let it pass. Mayhap you do na ken.

Tread carefu' here; an' set your foot aboon



This bog — sae. Now on the stane — so, so, so.  
This foord is vile across the Cinnamung ;  
That's how the brawlin burn is ca'd. And by  
Yon grove o' pines anent the sloping hill,  
The Connawasset gulps it doon.

“ Tap o' the  
Brae at last ! ” Wiping his brow when up the  
Steep ascent. “ An' het wark, too. And lassie,  
Weel ye've stood the strain. Jock, too, maks a lang  
Tongue o' it. Culloden Brae is this. An' yon't  
The biggin. Jock an' I, belike twa brithers,  
There hae dwelt for mony days. An' now  
My heart is fu' o' pride that anc sae winsome  
As yoursel' honours my scrimpit hame.  
The ‘ Highland welcome,' that the poet sings,  
Greets you beneath my roof. Sae come right in.  
But sad it is, that naethin' better than  
A birkin stool, is there to offer for  
A seat. But sit ye doon, sit doon, an' rest  
Your weary limbs. Sae lassie tak' your ease,

The whyles I milk the crummock at the byre  
An' after, set the supper on."

The task

Accomplish'd, and the frugal meal arrang'd,  
The host turned to the guest. "Now lassie, draw  
Your stool, for weel I ken ye stan' in need  
O' food. But first to Him wha deals  
His bounties forth, we offer thanks.

"Great Giver

O' a' guid," his grace began; "large as our needs  
The measure o' thy gifts. 'Tak' our poor thanks,  
The best that poverty affords, an' wi'  
Thy blessing crown the board."

"Amen!" the maiden

Murmur'd in half whispered tone; but loud enough  
To reach old Hubert's ear. With joyous glance  
He scann'd the girlish face; then fervent spake:  
"Ye could nae, lass, have us'd a better word.  
It stirs my heart an' wakes auld mem'ries up;  
Sair but sweet mem'ries o' a day, when twa

Besides mysel', sat blissfu' at our meals.  
 Weel was it spoken by ye, gentle lass.  
 I doubt not but a godly mither taught  
 Ye thus. An' now, as we perhaps maun spend  
 Some time together in this place; an' fright  
 Nae langer sits upon your tongue, may I  
 But ask the name whereby ye 're ca'd?"

“ Sidney.

Sometimes, in brief, just Sid.”

“ Guid—guid—maist guid !”

Cried Hubert, pushing his trencher by. “ I lo'e  
 That name—the bonny, winsome name! Ane bairn,  
 But only ane, had I; sweetest o' a'  
 The heav'nly F'ather gies — ane winsome bairn,  
 A wee bit creepin' bairn, hirplin' an' glintin'  
 At my knee, a tiny hand half swallow'd  
 Doon her mou', an' twa great e'es turned upward  
 Glowrin' at her dad.

“ But that 's a' passed.

Ane day fell Fate cam' stealthy neath the thath,

An' sundered a' the blissfu' ties o' hame ;  
That happy, peacefu' hame. Now sit I here,  
In lone companionship wi' Jock ; save now  
An' then, that Stephen comes to pass an hour  
Or twa."

"Stephen?" queried the girl.

"Aye, lass.

The miller's lad. Milbray, his ither name.  
A mile or mair, ayont this peak, an' on  
The Connawasset, is the father's mill.  
An' Stephen is my frien'. Now when the board  
Is clear'd, an' Jock hae had his bane, an' I  
Hae lit my pipe, we 'll sit out by the door  
An' prate our fill."

"Sure, if it please you, sir."

"An' now," began the Scot, with pipe in mouth,  
"I maun question first, in what part o' this  
Wide land ye hae been rear'd?"

"Not in this land

At all ; in Gloucester."

"Ho! a Briton?"

"No—but Scotch."

"Bless my saul!" the old man cried.

"Gie me your hand, my lassie. Aye, yer hand  
Ance mair. Ay bless'd the day that brought ye to  
My hearth. Scotch! A blessing on yer lips that  
Tell it. The hale warl's rev'rence crown the lond  
O' Bruce! Next to the love the Maker claims,  
And justly, o' us a', is the deep thrill  
O' loyal Scottish hearts for Scotland's name  
And fame. Aye, bonny lass, nae soil the wide  
Worl' o'er grows better men. There's virtue in  
The heather. The braes and stony dells frae  
Grampian hills to bleak Caithness, each foot an'  
Acre, the fruitfu' mither is o' braw,  
Braw men, an' strang. I'm Highland born, mysel'.  
Ye should hae seen me in the plaid an' kilt  
At Preston an' at Falkirk! Heck! my lass,  
But those were royal days!

"An' ye are Scotch!"

Sure, but it puts new life in me. This peak  
Taks on a leesome leuk ; an' golden simmer  
Shines in new array. Saft, saft will be my  
Slumbers a' this night, wi' ane o' Scottish birth  
Beneath my roof."

" My father, let me say,  
Was Highland born."

" Guid !" murmur'd quick the Scot.  
" Served under the Pretender."

" Guid !—verra guid !"  
" And aided his escape to France."

" Best ! o' a' !  
Wad I might tak' that fellow sodger by  
The han' ; that loyal han' that drew a blade  
For Charlie."

" That hand is cold. Drown'd was he,  
As we learn'd, the time his royal Master fled."  
" May he find rest in Heaven. I too was wi'  
The lawfu' King. Was under him at fell  
Culloden. An' when he sail'd awa' my

Troubles cam'. Three years, lang years aboard a  
Whaling ship, far in the north. Then drappit  
On this western worl'. Then under British  
Braddock in his fell campaign. Saw him fa'  
Aff his steed; an' some days after, wi' these  
Han's, help'd dig the grave wherein he sleeps.  
Then something chanc'd, (I need nae stap to tell,)  
An' here through mickle forest wilds I foun'  
My way, to settle doon upon this cliff.  
Sair, sair, my lot hac been."

Peaceful and sweet

The sun of joys domestic beam'd on  
Culloden's hut. Hubert, exulting, liv'd  
Again young manhood's dulcit days. Jock  
Found a new companion, who, with gun  
In hand, beset the forest jungles,  
After game. Nor vain was such pursuit.  
The table of the simple Scot bent 'neath  
The trophies of the chase. The whirring pheasant,

Stately turkey cock, and bounding buck were  
Victims of the leaden shafts. How glorious  
The days of forest jaunts! The rose grew more  
And more resplendent on the maiden's cheek,  
Thus tramping hill and dell.

At length a changing  
Tide broke sudden on Culloden's quiet  
Sea of life.

Out on the oak-thatched mountain  
Spur, one morn, a panting deer, quiv'ring with fright,  
Flank dripping blood, was, by the damsel's ball,  
Heart-pierc'd and kill'd. Stooping a moment o'er  
The mottled beast, some one approach'd. Stephen  
It was — standing, as she looked up, silent  
In wonder. Eager, puzzling thought enrapt  
His face.

"Why!" awkwardly his tongue at length  
Made out to stammer.

"Well?" came in reply.  
"Where is the *man*? *Who* was it shot?"



" 'T was I.

Is it your deer?"

" Mine?"

" Yours."

" There is a law,"

Said Stephen, " the man whose bullet kills, takes."

" You also hit. The ball mark plainly shows.

Look at it here. Let us divide."

" No — no.

That 's not the rule. The whole is yours. And I

Will take it for you to your home. Where is 't?"

" I may not tell you that."

" And wherefore not?"

" That is, unless — unless — but that may not

Be so — it might prove — but, but tell me first,

Are *you* Stephen?"

" That is my name. And in

Your hands is Hubert's gun. And this is Jock."

A smile crept o'er the lassie's face, hearing

This said.

“O yes. I know Hubert and his  
Secret well.”

“He has most often spoken  
In your praise. And I am glad to meet you  
As his friend.”

“Do you live with Hubert Gray?”

“The past few weeks. I’m not his kinswoman.  
And now, as you and I hereafter may have  
Friendly intercourse, Sid you may call me;  
Or Sidney, as you choose. And let me say,  
Old Hubert likes me, that I am Scottish born.  
But living most my life in England.  
Why I am here, shut in this fastness up,  
I’ll tell some other time. Meanwhile I am  
Well pleas’d you come to make the time pass by  
More pleasantly. And do n’t misjudge me for  
A hoiden lass, that I can handle arms.  
My mother’s cousin was an English  
Gentleman, with lands and park at Gloucester.  
He taught me many of the manly arts —

To shoot, and fence, and skate, and ride, and angle.  
So, if you have fish, as well as other game  
Near by, I 'll take a turn with you, in this  
Fine sport."

"Trout have we in the Connawasset,  
Large and many. There 's worms about the barn,  
And beetles ev'rywhere."

"I do not use  
Such bait. Flies — only flies."

"What sort of flies?"

"Not real ones, but artificial. I  
Will show you not only how to cast, but  
How to make them. It is a most ripe art.  
We 'll work together; and make the March brown  
And dun Drake; the May fly, Ibis, greentail;  
The ginger hackle, blue and dun; the stone fly,  
Alder, green and gray; the coachman, yellow Sally,  
And some more. Now, let us go. But how shall  
This grand prize be taken from the woods?"

"Ho!

That 's nothing. I will carry it."

"No — by

No means. "T would break your back."

"No fear—no fear.

Give me a lift to get it on my shoulder."

"Indeed, I will not. Forsooth — let the wolves

Have it sooner."

"Only two hundred pounds."

"That 's full a hundred times too much for you

To bear. Believe me, I would never put

A morsel of it to my lips, knowing

How dearly it had tax'd your strength, and put

Your life in peril."

"Your wish shall rule me."

"That is good. I thank you, Stephen."

"For your

Sake, I desist."

"That is far better still.

Truth, in sincerity avouch'd, has

Double worth."

“The hunters have a way, to  
Baffle wolves and other beasts, of hanging  
Game high on a tree. It serves till help is had.”  
“We both can lift this deer?”

“Easily — yes.”

“Then let 's at it. I can lift the half.”

“You! —

Do n't think it. You 're but a girl And this is  
Men's work.”

“I wish, then, for an hour, at least,  
I were a man.”

“I 'd have you nothing else  
But what you are.”

“I do recall the wish.”

“Let me show you something. You see this bit  
Of cord? I always carry it. When through  
The tendons of the hinder legs I thrust  
A stick, and tie the cord midway, and throw  
The end of it above a limb, I jirk  
His lordship upward in a jiffy.”

“How ripe you hunters are in strange devices?  
The feat both simple seems and feasible.  
Let 's about it. But I must, bear in mind,  
Help you to pull.”

The task was soon accomplish'd;  
Mysterious cohesion drawing hand  
To hand, as nervous fingers girt the cord;  
And silence, sweeter than interchanging words  
Enchain'd the tongue.

“There!” said the girl;  
Gazing on the suspended deer; “was it  
Done ever better since the world began?  
I 'll know another time the way to keep  
The prowling thieves from feasting on my game.  
So now we 'll go. You are for Hubert's bound?”  
“Not now. I 'm very sorry it is so.  
My father waits. But soon I will be there.”  
“So we must part. Our meeting has been pleasant.”  
“I must have said the same if you had not.”  
“Good-bye, then.”

“Good-bye.”

“Till next we meet.”

“You’re sure you know the way?” the swain inquired.

“Right well, indeed.”

A few rods sunder’d, and  
The damsel called out, “Stephen?”

“Well—what is ‘t?”

“Do you hunt to-morrow?”

“Most like. Yes, I  
Think I will. That’s settled.”

“*Where* do you hunt?”

“I cannot say.”

“Is not this good ground?”

“Yes —

None better; this will be the place.”

Again

The distance widen’d. But again was  
Stephen called.

“Pardon me, but I did not  
Ask the hour.”

"At eight o'clock."

"Thank you, Stephen."

Another start, and wider separation.

Then the halloo from the other came :

"Sidney? — Sidney!"

"Yes — I listen "

"Will *you*

Be here?"

"Trust me ; as surely as to-morrow

Is to-morrow."

Time will not mend his pace  
A jot ; nor night her inky robes lay sooner  
Off, for lovers' muttered pray'rs. And pillows  
Where tir'd labor droops his head, no solace  
Give to those who long for day. And so the  
Sun, that coming morn, though some hours chided  
As a laggard, rose radiant at last  
On two young watchers' eyes. Precise at tryst  
The youthful pair were met. But firelocks, balls



And powder, useless incumbrances, were  
Laid aside ; and forth they went, through sylvan  
Nooks and over timber'd hills, to reach the  
Highest peak for miles about. Here sat they  
Down to rest.

“ How grand to view ! Stephen, name  
Me the points. That 's the Susquehanna — what 's  
The falls ? ”

STEPHEN.

The Nanticoke.

SIDNEY.

Speak it again.

STEPHEN.

Nanticoke.

SIDNEY.

Euphonious term !

STEPHEN.

'T is Indian. Their appellations hold  
In many cases.

SIDNEY.

We have nothing in

My native land harmonious as this.

STEPHEN.

That high range, eastward, is Penobscot.  
Further on, highest of all and naked,  
Is Bald mount. And there, across the river,  
Over the Hogback spur, ascends the Indian  
Path. Time, beyond memory, the red man's  
Grand highway. You see it as a thread, creep  
Toward the mountain top. On it plum'd warriors  
Led their files of painted braves. The run that  
Trickles down the rocky slope, yet bears the name  
Of Warrior Run.

SIDNEY.

It looks to me as if  
Below us, the mountain chain was rent, to  
Give the river passage?

STEPHEN.

That is so.

And then, some miles above, the current pierc'd  
Its way for entrance to the valley. And

Here, drill'd the rocks stupendous, to pass out.

SIDNEY.

There must be danger in these falls.

STEPHEN.

O, no,

I have swum them oft.

SIDNEY.

Do it not again.

STEPHEN.

I will not — you 've my promise.

SIDNEY.

That 's well. Your

Safety is my peace. When I am gone from

Here, remember it.

STEPHEN.

How hard to hear that.

Must — must you go?

SIDNEY.

O, Stephen! I 'd answer

Freely if I could. A vexing errand

Brought me here. Upon its issue all my  
Future hangs. Will you abide here always ?

STEPHEN.

Here — else on the Merrimack.

SIDNEY.

I think that 's

In the East ?

STEPHEN.

Yes ; in New England. Upon  
Its banks my kindred dwell. A fretful stream,  
Wat'ring a land of scholars. I had my  
Education there. But lately we came  
Hither. Two years ago, lur'd by the glitter  
Of o'ertinted, wild reports, here sought a  
Home. But now it brings no shadow of regret  
Upon my heart, since it has led me to  
This hour of ecstacy, here at your side.

SIDNEY.

These words have dulcet cadence in my ears.

STEPHEN.

No more than ev'ry whisper of your lips

Brings rapt felicity to mine.

SIDNEY.

How sweet

The occupation of a list'ner, charm'd  
With such dear avowal ! But, sweet my friend,  
Were it not wise, that prudence curb the license  
Of our tongues, lest parting cause the keener sting  
To our poor hearts ?

STEPHEN.

Perchance. I can n't say less.

SIDNEY.

Pray you, do not think I chide. Far more than  
Yours was mine the blame, if blame there was.  
I led you on.

STEPHEN.

Still lead — I 'll follow you.

SIDNEY.

Stephen, so blind and devious the path  
Becomes, I falter.

STEPHEN.

Still your follower

I'll be. I had not thought till now, vain as  
I was, to ever meet one better than  
Myself. Now I forget myself in fond  
Observance of your higher merit.

SIDNEY.

But that I knew your heart, this, sure, would sound  
Like flattery. And yet, upon my tongue  
Since yesterday, unspoken, have couch'd more  
Sweeter terms in your own praise.

STEPHEN.

Yesterday! —

Best of all days! Darling, here on my heart  
'T is register'd. The wounded deer, bearing the  
Cruel lead beneath his velvet coat, did  
Usher me, its would-be slayer, to your  
Presence. Rich the reward of cruelty!  
And now you speak of going home. Dare I  
To question of your coming back? I fear  
'To ask.

SIDNEY.

And I to answer. But what help  
Is there? I did not, coming, cross the deep  
Of choice; though now I bless the bark that brought  
Me hither.

STEPHEN.

Stay — stay.

SIDNEY.

Do not plead. It makes  
Involv'd perplexity more bitter. Let us  
Return.

STEPHEN.

First let me pluck a garland from  
This oak. For my sake, wear it.

## II.

“ There 's not an hour  
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee :  
There 's not a wind but whispers of your name,  
And not a flow'r that sleeps beneath the moon,  
But in its hue or fragrance tells a tale  
Of thee.”

COMING alone to Hubert's hut that eve,  
The girl discern'd traces of a conflict.  
Jock, limping and stain'd with gore, alone was there.  
Within the hut, domestic wares, o'erturned,  
Were strewn about. Some drops of blood blotch'd the  
Doorway lintels. Bits of tatter'd tinsel,  
Like that in baldricks worn, lay here and there ;  
As also fragments of old Hubert's well  
Worn linsey blouse. Terror-stricken,  
A moment gazing on th' unwelcome sight,  
She rushed down to the mill. Haggard and wild,  
And tongueless for a space, her entrance 'maz'd



The sire and son. But after some delay  
Her story told.

Old Luther Milbray, when  
Occasion serv'd, reveal'd what had occur'd  
In absence of the twain. Related how  
Three strangers at his mill appear'd. And how  
The leading man, in soldier dress, sought, so he  
Said, his brother. That he was a Scot ;  
Ador'd by all his kin, and whose return  
Would warm up many hearts. From his description,  
He, Luther Milbray, believ'd his neighbor  
On the cliff, to be the missing man. He  
Therefore gladly to the seeker, pointed  
The footpath out, that led up to Culloden.  
This, thanking the miller for his timely  
Aid, the party took.

One of the men, the  
Miller said, was stout and rough, and sinister  
In mien, with portion of one ear, the left  
He thought, cut off.

“And sabre wound above  
The brow?” cried Sidney, with a start.

“Just so ;  
And eyelid slit.”

“That is enough, I know  
Him sadly well.”

“One matter makes me doubt  
If Hubert was the man he sought, though Hubert  
Tallied with description. It was another  
Name he mention’d,” Luther further said.  
“What name?”

“He call’d it Lear.”

“How?”

“Malcom Lear.”

“Heav’n help me!” Sidney cried, hiding her face  
In trembling hands.

Some anxious moments pass’d  
With those who watch’d.

“O! why, why was I so  
Blind!” was her appeal. “This was my father !

So long, long lost! And found and lost again!  
And why this other name?

“Parted from him  
When I was three years old, how could I know  
Him now! Stephen, what shall I do?”

“Leave it  
To me. I’ll follow the gang and rescue him.”  
“They have too much the start,” the father urg’d.  
“O! that may be!” sighed out the girl.

“Not so.  
I can outstrip their pace. I’ll start before  
The sun is up. Jock shall attend me.”

“So  
Will I. I’m strong and eager.”

“No, my girl;”  
Said Luther, “no. The way is rough and long.  
Stay you with me. Now let’s to bed, as Stephen  
Must have rest.”

At early dawn the youth went  
Forth. By Jock attended, hasty were his

(6)

Steps along the warrior path. Rugged the  
Way, but green and fancy-girt the silent  
Woods. The cautious, hiding thrush, with silv'ry  
Tone unmatched, cheering the lone walk. And so,  
Scaling the rocky heights and plunging through  
Laurel-matted swales, by eager, ardent  
Expectation urg'd, well spent and tremulous  
Of limb, he found that which he sought. Under  
The hemlocks camp'd, where wild Tunkhanna,  
With root-dyed torrent, leaps to the nobler  
Stream, the captors were.

Impatient waiting

For the midnight watch, he mark'd how Hubert,  
Fetter'd, for the night, was plac'd. Then creeping  
On them, at the proper hour, the fire low burnt,  
Wak'd up the captive. Effort in vain was  
Made to wrench the links of steel. Then sudden  
Rising, with imprudent haste, the pris'ner  
Trod upon the leader's foot. Up bolted  
All the three with shouts; that Jock, with ill-tim'd

Fury, echoed with barking clamour; and  
Wild confusion reign'd. Jock, with a bullet  
In his jaw, fell to the rear. Another  
Ball whizzed harmless through the brim of Stephen's  
Cap. Meanwhile four brawny arms hurl'd Hubert  
To the ground. But Stephen, in the melee,  
Found shelter in the shrouding woods.

Pausing,

He heard some cruel words; harsh epithets  
And ribald badinage heap'd on the Scot.  
But heard him call aloud: "Stephen? — Stephen!  
Ye hae my thonks—my heartworm thonks,  
An' mair, I gie ye a' I own. Tak' a',  
An' welcome, Stephen. Tak' ye the biggin,  
An' a' that 's in 't. Nae langer shall I need  
The scrimpit hut, or ony ither thing,  
But hope o' grace, in this sair worl'. Ye ken  
This filthy, murd'rous villain, Felix Mull,  
Hae grippit me at last. Sae guid-by; a  
Lang guidby, braw lad. For this night's deed I

Gie ye muckle thonks. Speak o' me to the  
Bonny lass — the Laird be wi' her. Tak' ye  
The biggin at Culloden, as yer ain.  
Jock also, an' the byre, an' crummock, too.  
My blessin' on ye, Stephen, an' the lass.  
Sae tell her, if ye please. I wad say mair  
But for this villain, Felix Mull — deil roast  
Him in the brimstane pit."

"And Stephen —

Mr. Stephen," cried the leader, mocking ;  
"I 'll put a few words in your ear, sweet Stephen.  
The next thing, Stephen, that your lordship hears,  
Will be, that this old gabbling felon will  
Be stretching hemp. He 's a ripe malefactor ;  
Pretty Stephen. But soon the halter will  
Stop his croaking, Stephen. So, my docile  
Stephen, plastic Stephen, take my fond advice.  
And the same to your dog, dear Stephen. And  
Now begone."

Discomfitted the lad return'd ;

And to the shudd'ring girl told what had chanc'd.  
How he had reach'd the party's camp; had watch'd  
Them at their mess; how, weari'd, all had sank  
To sleep; and how, at last, the venture made  
For rescue, fail'd. But when the sad narration  
Reach'd the ribald terms heap'd on the captive,  
Sudden the girl rose up; and, pale of face,  
With wav'ring gait and not a spoken word,  
Pass'd out, seeking her chamber's solitude.  
No one was there next morn, nor had the bed  
Been press'd. A brief note on the table laid,  
And thus it ran :

“ For Stephen.

“ Naught but adieu.

“ A *filon's* daughter may have that much freedom.

“ If you can, I beg you, pardon. Forgive —

“ And from your heart and mem'ry blot me out.

“ I am to you, henceforward, nothing. And

“ All I ask of this cold, cheerless world 's a

“ Hiding-place. I won't disgrace you, Stephen,

"For I love you. Be these hot tears, that will  
"Not cease, my witnesses."

The stricken, heartsick  
Lad would not to Hubert's hut. The father  
Went alone. Returning, brought the wounded  
Dog, and, in the old soldier knapsack found,  
Two hundred pounds in gold.

The weary month,  
Of endless days, lagg'd on. What good is there to  
Him who cannot eat nor sleep? The parent's  
Ling'ring hope, companion'd by alarm, at  
Length died out. The doctor came. Duly in form  
Withdrew his glove — felt the swift pulse — blink'd at  
The coated tongue — thump'd hard the breast, and  
Divers questions put. In self-communion  
Deep, trod silently the floor — nibbled his  
Cane, as through the window peering out; the  
Meanwhile whistling low a snatch of song. At  
Length the anxious parent was address'd.

"Sir,



List you a word. I am about to speak.  
Silence, in these cases, were to balk and  
Stifle expectation. We, the sons of  
Science, learning, art, culture refin'd, *et*  
*Cetera*, might, could or would, or would, could  
Or might, at random endless diatribe  
Exhaust. So far, so good. Let me proceed.  
Furthermore, mark, that diagnostical  
Research, by scientists invok'd, the very  
Bottom sills of matter ferrets out. Or,  
To speak plain, by means of penetration  
Stratigraphical, the causes glean of  
Bodily disease. These, in propinquity  
Array'd, lead to conclusions. You catch my drift?  
I further, you'll permit me, add, the present  
Case is void of *physical* defection.  
Thus far. What next? We look elsewhere. Behold!  
The grace of skill! Sir, in this case, the mind,  
Nerves, heart!—most like the last. I'll say the last.  
Now mark. Solution—love!"

“What is your charge?”

Luther demanded.

“Wait till a second,

Third, fourth visit, and so on. Pay all at once.”

“One is enough. Name the amount. I’ll pay.

And bid you go.”

“Sir!”

“I’ll have quacks no more ;

But full-bred workmen.”

“Keep your money.”

“Go.”

More dreary days and weeks, and Luther laid

His plan.

“My son,” he said, “I ask of you

A service.”

“Let me know it. What I can,

I’ll do.”

“A journey is in question, can

You undertake it?”

“No — I cannot.”

“ I

Am sorry. It might restore you. Try it.”

“ Father, you know I would. But all my pow'rs  
Are wasted. No, I cannot.”

“ Think of it

Some while.”

“ And to no purpose. My answer  
Would be the same. Where is 't you 'd have me go?  
Not that I could.”

“ To seek old Hubert out,  
And take his money to him.”

“ I 'll go.”

“ When ?”

“ To-day — to-morrow — now.”

“ But how about

Your strength ?”

“ I 'll risk it, father. When you first  
Spoke I did not know your purpose. Yes, yes,  
I 'll go, and that to-morrow.”

Never went

Traveler more cheery forth ; nor voyager  
More ardently salute the swelling breeze,  
On his swift hope attendant. Through rapt  
Enchantment, Stephen sail'd. On all sides 'round  
Bedizen'd rapture swell'd. The curling waves —  
Sea-birds circling on wing'd sails—the gamb'ling fish—  
Spray, by the piercing prow wak'd from its  
Wat'ry bed — the hazy drapery  
O'erspreading all the glimm'ring sea — all in  
Ethereal vesture clad, fell blissful on  
His dreamy eyes. So steer'd he to the  
Far-off port ; where entrance was as pilgrims  
Through celestial gates.

From the vessel's deck,  
Borne up the channel's course, the old, old world,  
But new to him, was wonder-crown'd. At length,  
At ancient Bristol (drap'd in black for her  
Dead Chatterton, " marvelous boy ! ") the ship  
Cast anchor.

Grudging the fleeting hours,

Th' impatient traveler set forth. Tracing  
The Severn up, sooner than welcom'd, fell  
The gloaming. At the embattled entrance  
To a park, a woman, knitting, at the  
Doorway sat. He paus'd to ask the distance  
To an inn.

“Three good, long miles.”

The answer

Caus'd a deep-drawn sigh.

“Yes, three long, long miles.

And you seem weary. And the night sets in.

'Tis a long walk.”

“I am not well,” humbly the youth return'd.

“And walking has lam'd me some.”

“Faint you look.

Come in — you cannot reach the hostel, sure.

Come in at once. I was about to sup;

So you shall share with me.”

At the table,

Learning whence the stranger came, a hundred

Questions ask'd she of the western world. Had,  
As she said, new and strange interest in it.  
It was quite possible she had a husband  
There. Or there, or lost upon the deep. His  
Empty boat was found. That was all. "Rumor,  
Uncertain rumor, reports him now alive.  
But all uncertain 't is. Our name is Lear.  
He was Scotch; but I am English. My life  
Without him has been very drear."

"There was  
A man," said Stephen, "of that name, I knew.  
But late it has turn'd out he prov'd a felon.  
'T is thought he will be hang'd."

"Not mine is he.  
He was honest. But there are many of  
The name. My daughter, when the rumor came,  
Went to seek him."

"This felon also had  
A daughter," said Stephen, with bow'd head.  
"Her name is Sidney."

“ Sidney ! — that ’s the name  
Of mine ! Sidney Lear.”

“ The one *I* speak of  
Liv’d on this very river, as she said ;  
The river Severn.”

“ Strange — exceeding strange !  
Your words affright me.”

“ And yet he had  
Another name.”

“ How is that ? ”

“ Always known  
As Hubert Gray.”

“ That has an ugly look  
Again,” the woman said. “ Can honest men  
Have double names ? The man *I* married, could  
Never thus demean his manhood.”

“ Honest ? ”

The youth retorting cried ; “ if ever man  
Was honest, as I have cause to know, so  
Was the man I speak of, Malcom — ”

“ Malcom ! ”

“ His second name that is. ’T was Malcom Lear.  
He was my friend. We hunted, fish’d, and pass’d  
Much time together. He trusted me, and  
Told me all his mind. Related much of  
His adventurous life. A soldier under  
Edward — cast helpless on the sea — for years  
Fast bound in Arctic ice — a price set on  
His head for treason, and to seclusion  
By an enemy chas’d. Then captur’d, and  
In chains brought hither. His daughter follow’d;  
And now her and him I seek. Two hundred  
Pounds, his money, have I with me.”

“ Can it

Be ! — his daughter ! — speak more of her.”

“ Gladly, madam. Since childhood, so she said,  
Her days had pass’d, under tuition of  
An uncle, an English gentleman, here  
On the Severn, who, on his premises, taught  
Her to skate, and shoot, and angle.”

“ Help me !



I am dizzy!"

"Give me your hand."

"Let me

Lie down."

"Madam, you faint!"

Some minutes pass'd;

Anxious to Stephen, and a murm'ring voice

Was rais'd. "O! joy, and misery combin'd!

It is hard to bear. How low my hope is sunk!

But yet a daughter — God be thank'd for that.

Let me no more upon the other dwell.

I pray you, help me up. So — I give you

Many thanks. How good to feel the warmth of

A soft hand. You are very, very kind.

It may surprise you, if I say I know

You. You are Stephen Milbray,

"I would much

Like to know how you know that?"

"Yes, Stephen,

I know you well."

"How can that be?"

### III.

“I was not born for courts, or grave affairs ;  
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers.”

A Highland Court of Sessions. In his robe  
The Judge is seated. After time-honored  
Form the Court is opened. His Majesty's  
Attorney calls up a case for trial.  
The charge is treason ; Hubert is defendant.  
By order of the Court the prisoner  
Is sent for. He is brought in, a guard at  
Either arm. Placed at the bar, a moment  
Glances at the throng, then at the Minister  
Of Justice in his robe and wig. Anon,  
With sudden start, his gaze reciprocated  
From the bench, Hubert springs up. Standing  
Erect, he gives in grandest form the  
Martial greeting, whereby the man in file  
Salutes the officer of rank. The Judge,  
Drawing his box, supplies his nose ; and then  
With pliant nod returns the courtesy ;

And waves the prisoner to his seat again.  
 "Arraign the prisoner," was his command.  
 The clerk, with bill in hand, bade Hubert rise ;  
 Cleared up his throat, and entered on reading  
 Of the strange production. Verbosity  
 Inexorable ! Vexed repetition !  
 Averments fearful and accusing, beneath  
 Elaboration whelm'd ! "S. S.—aforesaid—  
*Vi et Armis*—then and there—contriving,  
 Devising and intending—day aforesaid—  
 Peace and dignity—wickedly, falsely,  
 Unlawfully and traitorously—drums,  
 Trumpets, pistols, pitchforks, guns, dirks, poniards,  
 Blunderbusses, clubs, bludgeons, cudgels, staves,  
 And—"

"Stap ! stap !—haud a wee !—in God's name

haud

Your tongue till I tak' wind !" old Hubert cried ;  
 Amaz'd and puzzled, as he had good cause,  
 With all this multitudinous confusion

Of strange terms.

CLERK.

What is the matter ?

HUBERT.

Matter

Eneugh ! For, by my saul, I little ken  
What this is a' about.

JUDGE.

Proceed. Read the  
Indictment through.

HUBERT.

I hae stood fire in battle ;  
But this is muckle waur.

The clerk read on.

But coming o'er the names of Malcom Lear,  
Otherwise call'd Hubert Gray, again the  
Prisoner sprang up. "My mon, I do na  
Care a flea for a' yeur dev'lish cant, but  
I will ne'er be ca'd by ony ither  
Name than Lear. Plain Malcom Lear.

Sae ye maun strike out your Grays an' Huberts.  
Highland born, I stan' here Malcom Lear; an'  
Na asham'd o' what my mither ca'd me."  
The name was stricken off.

When at the end,  
The clerk read off the prosecutor's and  
Informer's name, Felix Mull.

"Where is he?"

Hubert ask'd.

"Not present," the clerk answer'd.

HUBERT.

Yeur Lairdship, I'll na further stan' on trial  
Till my accuser comes. I wad, sir, meet  
The villain face to face.

JUDGE.

It is your right.

Sheriff, call Felix Mull.

Vain was the call.

But some one said the man was at the  
Pothouse o'er the street. There was Felix found;

And soon, reluctant, was brought in.

Hubert

Stood up. "Yeur Lairdship, I hae something noo  
To say."

JUDGE.

If pertinent, say on.

HUBERT.

An' sae

I will. Ye ken this mon? Surely, my Laird,  
Ye maun ken wha he is. Mark ye the auld  
Cut, done by this han'; the sabre slash that's  
On his pate; an' on his e'e? An' how the  
Second clip, that darksome night, lop'd half his  
Ear awa'? Sure, Col. Marr (pardon, I  
Should say, Judge), ye mind the wood by Falkirk,  
Where he an' twa mair robbers fell on ye  
At night, an' jerkit oot yer watch; an' swoop'd  
The twenty guineas frae yer fob? An' I,  
Hearin' yer ca' for help, cam' up in time,  
An' got yer things a' back; an' left my mark

Upon his e'e an' lug? Leuk at it, a'  
O' ye. Ye mind, this a' is true as gospel,  
Col. Marr?

JUDGE.

Proceed with the trial. Call  
The witnesses.

HUBERT.

I hae mair to tell.

JUDGE.

Well,

What more?

HUBERT.

This, yer Lairdship. It is not for  
Law an' justice this thief hae chas'd me doon—  
For fifteen years shut me awa' frae hame,  
An' wife an' babe—an' three year o' the time,  
The weary, lanesome time, coop'd in the ice  
An' snaws far up the north—broke in my hut  
Across the sea, an' draggit me in chains  
For trial on my native sod. Na, na,

My Laird, not for the guid o' law, but for  
The thousand pund set on my head ; this head  
Now white in years, or on or aff the body.  
Or on or aff the body, Col. Marr,  
Mark that !

JUDGE.

We have heard you. Let the trial  
Now proceed.

HUBERT.

First, your Lairdship, I wad ask  
What I am charg'd wi'. I could na understan'  
This mon read ower.

JUDGE.

You have right to know.  
'Tis simply this : That you, Malcom Lear, or  
Otherwise called—

HUBERT.

Na—na—not otherwise.  
I'll na alloo yeu, Col., to ca' me aught  
But Malcom Lear.



JUDGE.

Well, then ; that Malcom Lear,  
Yourself that is, fought in the Highland ranks  
For Charles, the false pretender, and—

HUBERT.

An' sae yer Lairdship did ; but at Culloden,  
Ye nae ca'd him false. An' I maun answer  
For ye, before God an' mon, right weel ye  
Fought. I'll ne'er forget it.

JUDGE.

Let me proceed.

'Tis further charg'd, against you, that you helped  
The flying Prince in his escape.

HUBERT.

Ane night,  
Ane gloomy night, hot press'd, shelter we found  
In yer ain house, my Laird. The weary King  
Thankit ye for it, amaist upon his knees.  
Ah ! puir Charlie !

JUDGE.

Do n't interrupt me more.  
Sit down. There's one thing farther charg'd. You  
help'd  
The fugitive on board the ship, whereby  
He 'scaped to France. The Clerk will now conclude  
The legal forms.

CLERK.

Malcom Lear, the charges  
Being within your hearing read, say you,  
Are you guilty, or not guilty?

HUBERT.

Guilty !

The Lears o' Scotland, a hundred years an' mair,  
Hae ne'er till now met sic' insulting word.  
Ca' ye it guilty to lo'e the lawfu' King,  
An' rally to his standard? Sae did I,  
A Captain o' that day. My braw, braw  
Highland lads march'd under Col. Marr  
To Preston Pans. I set my life upon

The stake, an' ventur'd a' for Charlie.  
Ah ! when the northern clansmen brave, to  
Music o' the pipes cam' o'er the moor, an'  
He, the Royal Laddie at their head, think  
Ye that Malcom Lear wad in his biggin  
Skulk an' hide ? Na, na, my Laird, an' you,  
My fellow kinsmon here to-day, I cast  
My bonnet up wi' a' the rest, an' march'd  
Awa' wi' Charlie. Na, na, I'll spak' the  
Truth, for weal or wo' ; wi' heart on fire, an'  
Claymore drawn, I wad to-day as then, wi'  
Trust in God, in' aid o' Scotland's right, march  
On again wi' Charlie.

Resounding

From a voice amid the crowd, the whole  
Assemblage joining madly in, burst forth :

“ There's news from Moidart cam' yestreen,  
Will soon gar mony farlie,  
For ships of war hae just come in,  
And landed Royal Charlie ;

Come thro' the heather,  
Around him gither,  
Ye 're a' the welcomer early ;  
Come round him cling  
Wi' a' yer kin,  
For wha 'll be King but Charlie ?  
Come through the heather,  
Around him gither,  
Come Ronald, come Donald,  
Come a' the gither,  
An' crown your rightful, lawful King,  
For wha'll be King but Charlie ?"

Ere that the song was done two Highlanders  
In kilt and plaid, long since on Hubert's  
Muster roll, rush'd forth 'mid waiving caps and  
Shouts, and arms aloft, and caught their honor'd  
Leader up.

In vain the Sheriff with his  
Baton order'd peace. 'Twas the eruption  
Of a fire pent long in Scottish hearts ;

Embers of "45" relum'd. The sitting  
Justice, his ermine overlooked, a  
Guilty moisture stealing on his eyes, leans  
To the boist'rous throng, breathing a smother'd  
Whisper of acclaim. Scraps of song heighten  
The roar of tumult until, more potent  
Than the Sheriff's staff, confusion sinks  
Before a woman's cry. 'Tis Hubert's wife's;  
Pulling the husband from his honor'd perch  
With trenchant sobs of joy. Save sympathy's  
Low murmur, silence reigns.

Once more a court.

Disorder's head bows to authority.  
Sternly brief the Judge's mandates. "Sheriff,  
The prisoner is remanded. This man,  
Felix Mull, take into custody. Hold him  
For trial at the present session. Crier,  
Adjourn the court until to-morrow."

At night the jailor enters Hubert's cell,

With cheerful greeting : "Hech mon ! I wonner  
What ye 'll be sayin' now !"

"Awa' wi' ye !"

The testy answer comes. "What brings ye here ?  
Canna a mon wi' ane foot on the gallows'  
Steps be safe frae sic a coof ? What say I  
Now ? An' I say ony thing it is to  
Bid ye gang, an' lea'e me to my thoughts."

"Leuk

At that now !" and on the pris'ner's cot  
Pours out a heap of gold. "Gowd, gowd, a' gowd !"  
"Tak' it awa'," cried the impatient Hubert.  
"'T is na mine."

"It is."

"A lie—a strappan lie.

Be aff, and tak' it wi' ye."

"Hearken,

A word or twa, my mon. Do n't fret yoursel'.  
A lad cam' wi' the gowd."

"I care na for 't."

"A winsome lad; an' frae America."

"Anither lie," said Hubert.

"His name's Stephen."

"Troth!—ye hae troubled me eneugh. Be aff

Wi' a' yer clatter an' yer gowd, an' let me

Sleep a while. The morrow maun be met,

An' after that, nae need there'll be for gowd."

"To my mind, ye 're a willfu', stubborn carl,"

The jailor said. "I tell ye that the gowd

Is yours."

"Had I this iron tackle frae

My wrists, I'd slap yer chaps. Sae git ye gane."

"A fretfu', badg'rin, crabbit carl ye are,"

The jailor said.

"Weel; an' there be mair sic

Filthy fother in yer crap, for Gude sake

Haud it fast."

"Did I na tell ye? Stephen

Is at the door! Come in—come in, my lad."

"Can I trust my een!—'t is sae, by a' the

Pow'rs aboon!—lad!—I scarce hae words  
To speak! Ho! for Culloiden ance again!  
Ah, lad, the blissfu' days!—but gane, foriver  
Gane! The villain Mull hae dragg'd me doon.  
An' now the cruel la' hae grippit me,  
An' few mair suns will shine upo' my path.  
Tell me, Stephen, how cam' ye here?"

“To bring

Your gold. My father sent me.”

“There now!” the

Jailor cried. “Did I na tell ye?”

“I ask

Yer pardon. Sae ye did.”

“Two hundred pounds,”

Said Stephen. “Pray you count it.”

“Na, what need

O' counting? Sit yet doon. I've mony things

To spier about. An' o' the lass—bonny

Lass? How muckle hae I thought o' her!

Sidney, the winsome lassie?”



“ A wond’rous  
Thing of her.”

“ Tell it.”

“ I doubt that you can  
Hear it told.”

“ Speak on my lad. If e’en nae  
Guid I’ll hear it. I hae gane through sic woes  
O’ late, not death itsel’ can move me mair.  
Speak ye on.”

“ She is your daughter.”

“ Stap—stap !

Na trifle wi’ a mon, sae near the door  
O’ doom. It is nae ye should jest.”

“ On my

Honor, it is the truth. Believe me, she is  
Sidney Lear.”

“ I maun believe it, Stephen,  
An’ I maun. But be it joy or wae, I  
Canna judge. O, lad ! sae late to ken it !  
Wad that sooner sic rare news had come. Fate !—

Fate!—that I should be sae blind ! Why iver  
Were these een set in my head ? ”

“ Time is up,”

The jailor said. “ Time now to mak’ a’ fast.  
Come wi’ me, lad. At morn ye can talk mair.  
Come, lad.”

At midnight hour the jailor’s  
Cautious entrance rous’d the sleeper up. “Hech!—  
Mon!”—he spoke, “ope’ yer een a bit. A word  
Or twa between oursel’s.”

“ Could ye na wait  
Till morn ? What is it ? ”

“ Freedom is verra  
Dear, or nae ? ”

“ Aye—verra, verra dear.”

“ A’ a mon has he parts wi’, but to get it ? ”

“ Jailor, that’s ower true. Yes—for my ain sel’,  
(I speak the truth), what gear the Laird hae cast  
Into my han’, but naething is to freedom.”

“ Mair than eneugh ye hae to buy it.”

“How!

I dinna see 't.”

“Mair than eneugh, I say.

I'll tell ye in a word, if sae ye wish.”

“Speak on. Ye hae my thanks. If there 's a way  
To steer frae further ills, what is it?”

“Fly.”

“How can that be? I canna, if I wad,  
Break through yer bolts and bars. What pow'r but  
that

O' la' can find a way?”

“Gowd.”

“What gowd?”

“What?—

Yer ain. It lies there by yer side.”

“Tell me,

Jailor, is it in jest ye speak?”

“Na, sir,

Not I. I am nae mon o' jest.”

“How much,

To turn the bolts? Ye see the gowd here lies.  
How muckle o' the pile?"

"Is not sae great

A service worth the hale?"

"Na."

"Then I tak'

Twa parts an' lea'eane?"

"Na—na."

"I wad na

Be unjust in the division, mon; it's  
Na mysel' wad tak' undue advantage  
O' anither. Na, na; strict honesty  
Hae iver been my creed."

"I'm ower glad

To hear you say it. But frien' how about  
Yer aith of office? Were ye na sworn to  
Strict fidelity?"

"Ne'er ye min' that. Lea'e

That to me."

"But I'll na lea'e 't to ye, sir;

Na, not I. The Court to-morrow shall hear  
A' about it. For gowd ye 'd break yer aith  
An' let me rin? Deceitfu', de'il-begotten  
Villain! Unbolt yer doors for gowd? Think ye,  
Vile coof, I'd rin, though a' yer bolts were drawn?  
I?—who listen'd to the pibroch's peal in  
Edward's ranks? Rin awa! Na, by my saul,  
I haud my honor higher than my life.  
Rin!—I'll stay to see the trial out. If  
The la' asks my head, let the la' tak' it.  
But, an' the la' fail, ye'll see a Highlander  
March frae the Court, grand as a king in purple.  
Now gang. Na mair I'll bear your sight. Awa!"

The morrow followed, and the case was called.  
No witness in the Crown's behalf appeared.  
The jury, therefore, rendered a verdict  
Of acquittal. Malcom Lear, by public  
Proclamation was discharg'd. And that night  
Malcom and wife and Stephen Milbray,

Wonder-thrill'd, sat down to supper at the  
Judge's table. Long talks of forays, battles,  
Skirmishes and fields of conflict lost or won.  
Of Scottish noblemen, by Parliament  
Attainted; of Lovat, Balmerino,  
And Kilmarnock on the gory block.  
In chronologic order, ardent in  
Detail, the Royal cause reliv'd. Landing  
On Scottish soil of the last scion of  
The Kingly line of Stuart. Bonfires  
Ablaze on Caledonia's peaks. The  
Highland muster—growing ranks—the onward  
March—the victors' standard rais'd on captur'd  
Perth. Thence on to hurl the British lion  
From Scotia's Capital; and foe o'erwhelm'd  
At Preston Pans. Thence, crown'd with martial fame,  
Crossing the border to the pibroch's strain,  
To tread the soil of Britain. Then Falkirk!  
And, alas! fatal Culloden Moor.

#### IV.

“ Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !  
Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,  
Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime ! ”

Six days more stay'd Malcom in the Fatherland.  
Meanwhile the Sessions sat, and Felix Mull,  
Condemn'd on Malcom's evidence, was sentenc'd  
To the hangman's noose. Sorry equivalent,  
In lieu of Majesty's reward, set on  
The vet'ran's head.

But all this while, Sidney,  
So anxiously awaited, had not come.  
The three set forth. Come to the British port,  
Question was asked about the “ Mermaid,” vessel  
That Sidney took. Unwelcome answer came.  
Not come to port ; but rumor of her had.  
She was, 't was fear'd, as many crafts before,

Made victim of the pirates ; pitiless  
Successors of the buccaneers, ocean's  
Worst scourge.

O'erwrought with apprehension, and  
Heartsick, the party sailed. Controlling  
Destiny led to the Western world. The  
Voyage began in gloom. On the taffrail  
Standing, borne onward by the breeze, moist vision  
Scann'd reluctant fair Albion's sinking shores.  
When morning came, wide spread on ev'ry hand,  
Alone the restless sea.

On speeds the ship,  
Bound for the Cuban Isle ; thence, to cast anchor  
In the Hudson's mouth. At last the tropics  
Reached. All-wondrous land ! Born of the sun, and  
Nurtur'd by the sea. How beauty wraps her  
Robes about the Sylvan Isles ! Spice-laden  
Winds, proud of their burden, curl through the  
Waving orange groves. In the green forest  
Boughs, gay tinted birds, like fitful flames, blaze



On the raptur'd sight. Fruits, various hued,  
Pendant in rich array, tempt the prone  
Appetite. The giant palm, pride of the  
Land, with tow'ring trunk and leafy turban  
Crown'd, stands monarch of the clime.

Havana !

Caribbean's regal mistress, comes to view.  
Aloft her frowning battlements stand guard  
Above the narrow, rock-girt channel, a  
Harbor leading to, unparallel'd in  
All the world. But sudden the hope of  
Entrance failed.

Up the Bahama channel  
Came the hurricane, grand king of terrors !  
Wild, raging havoc spread along the  
Cuban shores. Fell minister of ruin !  
Whose fierce rage unbounded devastation  
Can alone appease. Quick on the vessel  
Of our voyagers it fell. Down, broken,  
Went the mast. Dismantled sails, to shreds. The

Helmsman from the rudder blown; the stricken  
Ship, a toy in such rude hands, plung'd onward  
Uncontroll'd. Onward—plunging in foam, the  
Bark was driven. On, on, through waters, once  
The intrepid Cortes, lur'd by conquest, plough'd;  
Until, where floral Florida flings on the gulf  
Her fringe of coral isles, forlorn the vessel  
Drifted. The tempest lull'd. But other ills  
Succeeded.

From out a dim, secluded  
Estuary, a score of men, in armor  
Clad, unshaven beards, slouch'd hats, and  
Gaudy, ludicrous attire, hurried in  
Swift approach. Standing upon the bow,  
Cutlass in hand, girted with silken sash,  
And features stern, the pirate captain stood.  
Nearer the boat, and then his blatant voice  
Made hail.

“What ship?”

“The Albatross,” reply

Was given.

“ From what port ? ”

“ London.”

“ How freighted,

And where bound ? ”

“ Woolens—cotton fabrics—silks

And merchants' stores. Bound for Havana and

The colonies.”

“ What treasure ? ”

“ None.”

“ Under

Hatches send your crew. And by that stanchion

Stand you in quiet.”

Up o'er the gunwale

Rush'd the boist'rous gang—inexorable,

Bloodstain'd captors.

Pris'ners on shore, the day

Dragg'd weary in the captives' cell. Morning,

Howe'er, brought theme for comment forth. Sidney,

Upon a mustang, garnish'd in silken

Housing, stirrups and bridle-bit of gold,  
Rode down the street, attended by a slave.  
Thrill'd with joy, the watchers at the casement  
Welcom'd her approach. Once the barr'd window  
Reach'd, a moment eyes met eyes. The mother  
Sobb'd aloud—Malcom shouted—but Stephen  
Silent blush'd. A frown flew quick to Sidney's  
Brow. The spur sank in the palfry's flank; and  
Rider and steed were gone.

Silent the three  
Sat down; vacantly staring into each  
Other's eyes. After a painful minute,  
Malcom spoke :

“ Wha would hae thought it ! Unco-  
Strange it is ! Weel, weel, ane thing is certain—  
She is na bairn o' mine. Na, na ; I say  
Nae bluid o' Malcom Lear rins through sic hauty  
Veins. Na, na. Let the hizzy gang.”

“ I am  
Bewilder'd—bewilder'd ! ” groan'd the mother.

"Is this possible? Oh!—oh, my daughter!"

"'Tis that *I* am here," in deep depression

Stephen said.

"Hout!—hout!—what now is that?" the  
Scot exclaim'd. "Na mair sic twaddalin, lad. I

Ken right weel, and ye can nae deny it,

Ye twa, the lass an' ye, are boun' in ban's

O' love. I will nae listen to sic talk."

The other answer'd not. And so, long silent

And dishearten'd mus'd they all.

The dusky

Twilight fell; and to the grated window

Came a negro girl with flow'rs and fruits. Some

Were bought. One orange, as a gift, she put

In hand of Malcom's wife.

"In truth we hae

Na muckle appetite the day," he said,

When gone the dusky vender; "but mindfu'

O' due courtesy, we maun taste her gift."

Breaking the yellow rind, only a note

Was found within.

“ Mother, beware ! I beg  
You, seem to know me not. ’T were fatal to  
Us all if otherwise. Mark well my words.  
La Garde, the monster, has me in his toils.  
Enslav’d, tormented, that I refuse what  
I can ne’er bestow—my hand. More shall you  
Daily hear.”

No more for gloomy days the  
Palfrey with its rider pass’d. Despondent  
Beat the mother’s heart ; and Stephen could not  
Sleep. At last a letter came.

“ Bear up—have  
Hope. Put trust in God. The hour has come. My  
Maid, who brings the fruit and flowers, an angel  
Proves. She has by toying dalliance won  
Entrance to the warden’s heart, and access  
To his keys. My groom, her lover, have I  
Brib’d with my last coin. Sleep not. At midnight  
Utter no word to one who shoots your dungeon

Bolt. Be silent and obey."

High and far  
Reaching, grand Cordilleras! Thy peaks of  
Snow were landmarks of a mighty, martial,  
And primeval line of kings. Within thy  
Mountain esplanades, deep dented, rock-bound  
And lake adorn'd; home of the Aztec, native  
Born, imperial lord! Erewhile, supreme  
Dictator of a continent; follow'd  
By destiny most low.

From mountain heights  
The cooling breeze descended; skimming the  
Glassy surface of the gulf, to fill the  
Sail of Sidney's tiny craft. This, darting  
In sable night from out the port, her groom  
At helm, steer'd for the Everglades. And none  
Too soon. Lights flash'd around the prison walls;  
Flickered along the streets and avenues,  
And on the pebbly shore. The bloodhounds' cry

Anon rose on the air ; and brisk commotion  
Was astir.

Soon dipping oars, with rapid  
Stroke, were heard ; then, in full earnest was  
The race begun. Once in the tangled brakes  
And reedy cypress swamps, and shelt'ring moss  
Low hanging from the sturdy oaks, safety  
Were won.

But listen !—more plashing oars at  
Play !—exulting shouts arise !—the frighten'd  
Fugitives descried at last !

Chub, the groom,  
Over his shoulder darts one hasty glance.  
Commander now, his orders brief ; Malcom  
And Stephen put to new-plac'd oars—the helm  
To Sidney—her maid, Cassandra, to a  
Paddle—himself, with lusty will, tacking,  
Sail shifting, rowing, and whatever else,  
As peril prompts.

Nearer and louder, the



Pursuing band. The breeze a trifle slacks.  
Malcom and Stephen tire. The former's wife,  
With terror overwhelm'd, sinks fainting down.  
Which side will win ?

V.

“ If there be any deeper deep,  
Or lower level found ;  
Kind Heav’n in gracious mercy keep  
The secret in an endless sleep,  
Or fence the fatal ground.”

MILBRAY, the miller, at his hopper sitting,  
Obsequious was greeted by a youth  
And girl, strangers to him, both clouded with  
The Afric tint. The former spoke.

SINTON.

Is yo’

Name Middleberry, sah ?

LUTHER.

No, that ’s not my

Name.

SINTON.

Sartain—sartain, de mus be de mill !  
Not Middleberry ? Suah, is yo’ ?

LUTHER.

Why, yes.

Do n't a man know his name? Pray, what is yours?

SINTON.

Chub, sah. Sinton Chub.

LUTHER.

Rather fishy. But

No matter. Is this your sister?

SINTON.

No, sah.

LUTHER.

What then?

CASSANDRA.

It do look cur'us like--yes sah,  
But dar 's noddin 'spicious 'bout it, sah. We's  
Not married yet, sah, so to speak—

SINTON.

Which am

De trufe. Yes, sah, de solomn trufe.

LUTHER.

Most like.

*Your* name? Are you another Chub?

CASSANDRA.

No, sah.

I'se Cassandra. My mammy was Cassandra.

De captain ob de ship nam'd her Cassandra.

She tole me dat.

LUTHER.

Yes. You 've got a father?

CASSANDRA.

Dunno. De fuss one, mammy say, "nebber

Yo' ax 'bout him, Cassandra. I get yo'

Nudder."

LUTHER.

So. Got you another, did she?

CASSANDRA.

Well, sah, to tell de trufe, de las' one I

Woulden hab. And, sah, I runn'd away. And

Mass' La Garde he kotch me in de canebrake.

Den gib me way to Mistis Sidney, sah.

LUTHER.

All very good. And now your business here?

SINTON.

Huntin' dis Massa Middleberry, sah.

LUTHER.

What for?

SINTON.

'Bout his chile—

CASSANDRA.

Yes, sah, 'bout his chile.

Dat 's it sah.

LUTHER.

About my child? I have no child. I had  
A son grown up.

SINTON.

Dat 's de berry one, sah.

Stephen.

LUTHER.

Yes. My son's name was Stephen. What

Of him?

SINTON.

Dat 's it, edzackly---

CASSANDRA.

Jes' dat, sah.

SINTON.

I 'se gwine to explanate de succumstance.

LUTHER.

Well, I 'll hear it. Go on.

SINTON.

Fings a good bit

Mixified; ain't dey, Cassandra?

CASSANDRA.

Jes' so.

Dat dey is.

SINTON.

And whar Mass' Stephen is jes'

Now, de Lor' ony doan know whar! Some way,

Sah, I doan know how, but trufe is, wese got

Misticated in de swamp. And sah, Mass'

Stephen, and ole Mass' Lear—

CASSANDRA.

An' his ole woman—

SINTON.

Yes, sah ; she, too, likewise, as Cassandra say—

CASSANDRA.

An' Mistis Sidney, sah—

SINTON.

Get los' in swamp.

LUTHER.

What swamp was it ?

SINTON.

'Way down souf, sah.

CASSANDRA.

Yes, sah ; dat 's whar ; jes' as Sinton tell yo'.

LUTHER.

Has the swamp a name ?

SINTON.

De Ebberglades, sah.

LUTHER.

Why, boy, they are in Florida.

SINTON.

Jes' dar.

LUTHER.

Tell me, what were they doing there?

SINTON.

Well, sah,

De ship, in mightiful big blow, widout  
Her sail or mas', driff berry close to sho'  
An' pirate kotch her—

CASSANDRA.

Yes, sah—

SINTON.

De pirate,

Sah, what am La Garde, an'—

CASSANDRA.

He lock 'em up

In jail.



LUTHER.

How ?—lock'd them in jail ?

SINTON.

Dat he did.

An' in some cu'ous way, sah, in de dark—

CASSANDRA.

Berry dark, sah—

SINTON.

Dey all get out—

CASSANDRA.

Yes sah ;

An' runn'd away—

SINTON.

In de cockboat—

CASSANDRA.

Fas' as

Ebber we could.

SINTON.

Jes' as Cassandra say !

But biemby we heah de oa's behine us—

CASSANDRA.

An' mos' up!—

SINTON.

An' den I 'se look back, an' hi!

De mos' on us suah!—

CASSANDRA.

So dey was, sah!—

SINTON.

An' den all spring to fo' life!—

CASSANDRA.

Kase, sah, wese

Mos' kotch'd!

SINTON.

Jes' den, bress de Lor'!—

CASSANDRA.

Hi! hi! jes' den!—

SINTON.

De catspaw come—whew!—cockboat leff 'em in

A jiffy!

## CASSANDRA.

Glory!—tank de Lor'! Yes, sah,  
 Jes' as Sinton say. An' den, sah, wese all  
 Hide in de swamp, an' doan git kotch'd. An' Mars  
 Stephen say, ef wese doan stick togedder,  
 Den wese mus' come heah.

A brief month sped,  
 And two wayworn travelers, with garments soil'd  
 And sun burn'd faces, threading the forest  
 Path, drew near Culloden Brae. Ascending smoke  
 In goodly column, was from the chimney curling.

"Sidney, lass," spoke one of them; "what  
 Ken ye this a' means? Did ye not say the  
 Biggin was clos'd up?"

"I thought it was."

"Weel,  
 Let's see about the matter. Some deviltry's  
 Afoot, na doubt. We'll see to 't."

Ent'ring, no

One was found. A fire blaz'd on the hearth. The  
Simple household wares, as Malcom left them,  
Were all in place. Turning away, to seek  
Out Luther at his mill, their presence was  
Discover'd. At the doorway, ere he was  
Aware, Jock, with his paws on Malcom's breast,  
Was howling joyful welcome. Laying his  
Staff aside, the master sat, and conf'rence  
With his old companion had. How much a  
Dog may know, or glean from human speech, has  
Not by zoologic doctors been found out.  
But Jock drank at the wordy tide, with wild,  
Enthusiastic glee. Then at his side  
As erst, the three set forth to join their friend  
Upon the Connawasset.

Meeting on the  
Way a forester they knew, 't was told to them  
How a pair of negro vagrants had their  
Dwelling seiz'd upon.

“ Hech!—neebor! how is 't

Wi' ye mon?"—the least expected hail to  
Luther, wrapt in silent musings at his  
Hopper. "Gie us yer hond ance mair; an' think  
Nae it is strikin' loofs wi' guilty felon.  
Na—na. The la' hae wip'd the vile suspicion  
Out; an' here ye leuk upo' a clean  
Unspotted man. Aye, sir, and not asham'd  
To walk the street by day or night. Ye see me,  
Neebor Luther, straight up, an' open front  
To greet ye. Sae, shake on, auld friend, I lo'e  
A guid strang grip.

"An ken ye nae the lass,  
Ance rinnin' mickle o'er the bracken hills?"  
"Sure. Well I remember her."

"The bonny  
Lassie ca's me *father* now. Sae ye see,  
Guid luck hae foun' me out. An' to be here  
Again! Troth, mon! I ne'er expectit to  
Leuk upo' yer face again, or tread  
Culloden Brae. Now I hae done them baith.

An' now anither matter. How is it, mon,  
Ye let twa blackamoors into the biggin?  
It stirs my verra bluid."

" Mayhap they had  
No other place," said Luther.

" Then tell me  
If ye can, where Sidney an' mysel' can  
Pass the night?"

" Here, in my house."

" Tak' my thanks.

But I say, I'll ne'er alloo the vagrant  
Blacks to cuddle in my biggin. That 's a'  
There is about it."

" I understand," the  
Other said, " they are nice people."

" I care  
Na for that. I say ance an' for a' I'll  
Na permit it. You'll ken a breeze is blawin'  
When I see the worthless trash."

" They are at hand ;

You can see them now."

"Where?"

"In my garden.

I'll call them in." His halloo quick was answer'd.

"Mars Lear!—Mars Lear!" exclaim'd the dusky  
youth;

And rushed to Malcom. The girl spied the daughter.

"Mistis Sidney!—good Lord, Mistis Sidney!"

And falling on her knees, weeping apace,

Buried her face within the other's lap.

"Weel—weel—weel!" cried Malcom; "wonnors on  
wonnors!"

How the worl' gangs! In a' my saxty yéars

Naethin 's been like it. Bless my saul! how is 't

My een are wet? Laddie, I take your han'

As though ye were a king. I ne'er afore

Hae graspit ane wi' better will.

"Come now,

Lass, dinna sae mickle greet. Stan' up. Ye

Hae an honest face, that I weel ken. Let

Me wipe aff the tears. I ken yer rapture,  
Leukin' on Sidney's face; I've felt it a'  
Myself."

"Now you have seen them," Luther ask'd  
When quiet came; "will you o'erlook their entrance  
To the house?"

"Nae put sic idle question.  
O'erleuk it! They may bide in it till doom.  
It's nae half guid enough for people of  
Sic worth. O'erleuk! why neebor, they maun stay  
There till their pows bleach white as yours and mine.  
Ye ken nae wha the pair o' seraphs are.  
Why, neebor Milbray, let me tell ye, I'd  
Ony day tak' aff my cap an' bow my  
Head in rev'rance to them baith. They being,  
Let me say, the Gen'ral Jail Deliv'ers  
O' the time. I shall, at proper time, hae  
Mickle mair to tell ye in their praise. Talk  
Na o' biggins, sir, before sic noble  
Company. A' I have scrapit up in



My hale life, these honor'd citizens are  
Freely welcome to."

Then the two put questions  
Numberless regarding Stephen and the  
Other's wife. But of their weal or wo, naught  
Could be told. The awful Everglades the  
Secret kept. And of this dreary waste, Malcom  
Had much to say.

"I wad na for the warl'"

So he asserted, "Meddle at a' wi'  
Nature's handiworks; but in guid faith I  
Ca' this job an eldritch botch. For life o' me  
I canna tell the use o' a' the muck,  
An' stumps an' snakes ane meets wi'. And mickle  
Mair, sic roosty, rampant alligators, sir,  
Lang's a schooner's mast. An' besides, what's maist  
Amazin', musquito reg'ments, (blood-thirsty  
Divils!) bizzin an' skelpin around, thick as  
The simmer dust. Think o' a mon wi' head  
Puffed like a bladder, twa times its proper

Size! 'T wad chill yer bluid to see 't.

“ Why, neebor,

There 's na a mile but 's langest at the end ;  
An' where there 's naethin' else but water, there 's  
Na land at a'. An' ne'er a rinnin stream  
That rins ! Na biggin, sir, where ane maun get  
A bowl o' broose or drap o' ale. The man 's  
Best aff wha owns nae acre o' it. Sair, sair  
Trav'lin', wi' tree limbs on the ground, an' roots  
Aboon ! Leuk at my breeks !—the verra best  
Frae Paisley looms, an' now (deil tak' the snags),  
A' ropes and strings, like fly nets on a horse.  
That I, the wonner is, should hae the breath  
O' life left in me ! Twa times chin deep in  
Mud ; an' gettin' out, eneugh stuck to my  
Claes to plant a crap o' kale. I gie my  
Sacred word, a fathom deep, ane boot 's there yet.  
Sae ye'll excuse my shamefu' plight, mair like  
A fasht ragmuffin than a sleekit,  
Decent mon.”

A month—and from the absent  
Pair no news. All modes of inquiry prov'd  
Fruitless. The bereav'd must wait. But time pac'd  
Wearily. Only could action dull the point  
Of grief. While Malcom rear'd a nobler  
Structure on Culloden Brae, the color'd  
Pair dwelt in his quondam hut. Sidney,  
Old tastes renew'd, with rod and feather'd hook,  
Found pastime in the Connawasset's foam ;  
Or, sportsman arm'd, trac'd the ware pheasant in  
Its sylvan haunts. Frequent paus'd, musing where  
The deer was slung, its fleshless bones now strewn  
Upon the mold ; part of the cord decay'd  
And sever'd, yet pendant from the bough. Once,  
Once only, sat upon the granite peak,  
Embalm'd in perpetuity by lovers'  
Whispered vows.

The miller, grave of face and  
Slack of words, distraught and stricken, daily  
At his hopper sat. A man of pray'r, by

Faith inspired, trusting there still was balm in  
Gilead. Nor fruitless trust.

A wagon,  
Cushion lin'd and slowly moving, one day  
Arriv'd. A woman, wan and languid, looking  
Out, inquir'd for one call'd Milbray. The man  
Address'd made answer. Then lending aid, from  
Out the vehicle, in chief part lifted,  
A haggard form was help'd. Quickly the father  
Came. Joyful and tearful salutation !  
But falling on clos'd ears. No smile, or word,  
Nor look respondent. Nothing but vapid,  
Dull fatuity.

Malcom came. Came to  
Clasp the wife in fond embrace ; and breathe  
The word of welcome in her ears. And then  
On Stephen look'd. What piercing bolt shot through  
The gen'rous, Scottish heart ! No time for words  
Of social intercourse. In silence sat  
They all ; the mystic chord of sympathy

In Luther's grief making them one.

Across

The footbridge, o'er the Connawasset, Sidney  
Was coming. In unity of purpose,  
All left the room; and told her what had chanc'd  
Without. After short conf'rence, Sidney went  
Alone. Enter'd the room—glanced at the form  
Recumbent on the couch. Rous'd by her presence,  
Stephen sat up. As she nearer came, stood  
On his feet. In smother'd accent came the  
Tender phrase, "My love!"—and putting forth her  
hand.

Oblivious of the past, nor cognizant  
Of what the action meant, a glance was cast  
Upon the proffer'd palm; and drawing back,  
Once more stretch'd on the couch, and with averted  
Face turn'd to the wall.

Beside that bed, the

Wreck of the relentless typhus press'd, the  
Maid fell on her knees.

“ Divine Redeemer ! ”

So her pray'r began ; “ make me to drink this  
Cup, submissive to Thy will. Strengthen !—O, give  
Me strength ! proportion'd to the burden—and  
Willing patience. This anguish, supported  
By Thy tender mercy, O, give me grace  
To bear. Meek, penitent, heartbroken, humble,  
I come to plead my cause. Let not my  
Poverty of words lessen the sum of  
Mercy it demands. Turn ill to good—  
Calamity's fast fetters break—the fallen  
Lift by Thy restoring touch. O, hear, and  
Answer, thou omnipotent, alleviating  
King ! Lay to the healing virtue of Thy  
Hand, and like the hapless watcher at the  
Pool, the stricken one may rise.”

From this hour

Forth, abundant occupation Sidney had.  
To one sole end and purpose all her care  
Was bent—all zeal, devotion, earnestness

And love. Fix'd and resolute she took the  
Task in hand. By day and night the vigil  
Was prolong'd.

A few weeks passed, and on the  
Connawasset's sylvan banks, short strolls were  
Taken. Hand in hand, the pair went forth. Few  
Words, but hers, beguil'd the fleeting hours. At  
The cool mountain springs and rivulets, and  
Under arching boughs long sitting were.

By

Her hand was willing service lent—the hat,  
The coat and vest brushed oft—the shoe strings  
tied—

Fann'd was he in the summer heat—to his  
Lips the goblet held—comb'd and curl'd the newly  
Growing locks—and cautious leading over  
Rocky paths and prostrate trunks.

Day by day

The wand'rings lengthen'd out. Visits were made  
To high Culloden Peak. Here, in silence

Sitting, the afflict'd youth heard, heedless,  
All Cassandra's endless chat. Or, with the  
Vacant gaze, beheld the builders, plying  
The plane and saw. Jock, in fawning revel,  
Bade them welcome; most pleas'd when Stephen (by  
His leader taught), plac'd his lean hand upon  
The spaniel's head.

News—news from Scotland! A  
Messenger from Judge Marr, who sat at Malcom's  
Trial. By his appeal to royal clemency,  
An act accomplish'd. Restoration made  
To Malcom Lear, the oldest son, of lands  
And title, by his father forfeited,  
In taking arms to aid the cause of Charles.  
Both to be Malcom's on his return for  
Residence to Scotland. Failure in this,  
Title of baron thence to be foregone.  
So ran the letter, put in Malcom's hands.  
He plac'd his specs—broke ope the seal and read



The missive through. Then rose and drew two cups  
 Of ale ; gave to the agent one, and drain'd  
 Himself the other. Then turn'd to the task  
 Again, for second reading.

Silent the

Perusal ; but voiceless lips in constant  
 Play—a few words, patient spelling out—  
 Redoubling on his track where doubts arose—  
 The ceiling sometimes scanning with knit brows ;  
 And so got to the end.

“ Puzzled a wee ; ”

With fingers in his hair—“ fasht am I wi’  
 This thrang o’ words. I’m na ower guid at readin’  
 Copyhan’ ; an’ chiels bred to the la’ write  
 Sic a han’, as na the de’il himsel’ can read.  
 Now, as I tak’ it, here ’s a splether aboot  
 Some lan’s, an’ title o’ nobility ? ”

“ Yes, sir. By gracious clemency and favor  
 Of King George (long may he live !) the fair estates,  
 Here in the letter nam’d, now vest in you,

The eldest son, Sir Malcom Lear surviving ;  
Also the title, baronial, fast by  
Prescription in the line of leal and loyal  
Subjects, your honor'd ancestors. You are  
Sir Malcom now."

"Am I?" question'd the other.  
"Humph!—leuk at me ance. Think ye I mickle  
Favor a nobleman? Saw ye e'er a  
Baron, in a' yer days, wi' shanks and breeks  
Like these? Sir Malcom, ha!—but na, Sir Malcom,  
If I gae back to Scotland not again.  
Gude knaws, I lo'e the native heather—na  
Man mair. Think ye I wad gie this noble  
Kintra up? Maist winsome I wad say, (savin',  
As I hae cause to know, ane unco wat,  
Besplat'rin' muckhole in the South), the sun  
Has in his ee! Na ca' ye me again,  
Sir Malcom. An' ye do, I'll send ye back  
Wi' something mair than thanks."

"As may be your

Pleasure, sir. No offence was meant. Then, as I understand, the lands you'll hold, but not the Title of a baron ? ”

“ Ye may sae tell

The Judge. An' gie him, frae me, maist gratefu' Thanks, for a' his trouble. I am na cauld At heart ; an' shall his kindness ne'er forget. But here, where I hae pass'd my best o' days, I'll spend a' that remain. An' here my banes Maun rest.

“ Ye may tell my fellow sodger, Col. Marr, that for nine thousan' pund I'll Sell him a' the lands. 'Ten thousan' they are Worth ; but ane of this, in payment o' his Kindness I throw aff. An' let me say, in Mem'ry o' companionship in arms, when, Wi' the must'rin Highland clans, we a' agreed To stand or fa' wi' royal Charlie.”



Changeless love, and mutual troth. And as the  
Maiden look'd, a tear stole down the  
Other's cheek ; and for the first, his eyes now  
Fir'd with mental health, were steadfast set on  
Hers.

“ Dear love ! ” impulsive, warm, came greeting  
From her lips. Stephen, as stung, recoil'd. A  
Moment, and the brief spark of intelligence  
Was out. Again the eyes swam in the old,  
Accustom'd maze.

“ Noo Sinton, lad, Cassandra  
An' yousel baith in, shut to the door. I  
Hae somewhat to tell. Mark weel my words. It  
Is o' matters potent that I speak. Observe.  
My neebor, Milbray, an' mysel' hae ca'd  
The doctor in. Leukin' the matter ower,  
The man o' pills hae order'd Stephen aff  
To ither parts. Sidney, despite a' counsel,  
Circumspection an' advisement, decides,

Belike a' womankind, wi' him to gang.  
An' sae it rests.

“ Noo listen, baith ; here comes  
The point. We canna trust a' to her hands.  
'T wad be sair folly ; health an' strength wad fail.  
Sae, rinnin' the matter through my mind, I  
Come to this : Ye twa will hae to join the  
Expedition.”

“ Mars Malcom ! ” shouted both.  
“ E'en sae it is. Sinton maun tak' the helm.  
Muckle there 'll be to do. For a' I ken,  
Ye maun be years awa' ; an' possibly  
Gang ower the foreign lan's.

“ An' noo, observe ;  
The fountain o' my past experience  
Tappin', I lay some lessons doon for yer  
Observance.

“ The first o' a' tak' note of this :  
Whativer maun turn up, set ne'er a foot  
In that maist blastit, gudedeforsaken swamp

In Florida. Mark that."

"Yes, Mars Malcom."

"Chiels o' a' kinds and breeds ye'll meet. Beware  
O' bummers, pill venders, patent dabblers,  
Alms leeches, soap inventors an' the like.  
Na traffic hae wi' thimble riggers, mind ;  
A cannie, slidd'ry, misbegotten race.  
Leuk weel to chiels wi' ban's o' crape woun' roun'  
Their hats. In wat sheets niver sleep. Speak weel  
O' kings wha's kintra ye are in. Foul if  
The water is where ye maun 'bide, drink ale.  
Court'ous your bearing unto a' ye meet;  
But put na substance o' yer grave affairs  
In strangers lugs. Jauk na in silly gab  
Wi' frien' or foe; as I can truly witness  
For mysel', na profit foun' I iver  
Foolin' wi' farmers' dogs; or pokin' crabbit  
Fishmonger hizzies in the ribs. Pay prompt  
Yer bills as they fa' due. Tak' change that's neither  
Ower muckle or too sma'. To orders quick

Obedience gi'e; bringing or taking messages,  
 Lea'e na item out. Laugh na aloud  
 Attendant at the boord, though fun enough  
 There be to split yer sides.

“Noo, harken baith;  
 Bring but this couple safely back, an' ye shall  
 Hae a lot o' lan' wi' house an' byre, beds,  
 Beddin', furniture, cattle an' team, an'  
 A' to be yer ain.”

“Mars Malcom!” both in  
 Raptures cried. “Lord bress yo' fo' ebber, and  
 Fo' ebber!”

“Noo, last o' a'. Attention  
 Gi'e. It wad unseemly be, that ye, twa  
 Yonkers, in the heat an' fire o' flesh an'  
 Bluid, should, at a' times o' day or night, in  
 A' conditions, situations, connections  
 An' positions, be *twa* instead o' *ane*.  
 Therefore, be aff, just as ye are, hunt  
 Up a minister, professor, judge,



Justice, notary, or the like, an' hae him  
Marry yc forthwith."

"Hi!—hi!" Cassandra  
Shouted. "Lor' a massy! Mars Malcom, what  
Yo' mean?"

"Be aff, I say; an' hae the knot  
Weel tied."

"Cassandra!" Sinton reproachful  
Cried; "doan yo' laugh. Stop dat; and come right  
long  
Wiff me."

"Ha! ha!—yes Sinton; indeed I 'se go  
Wiff yo—but—"

"Well, den, come straight."

"Fo' de Lor',  
Mars Malcom, how is dis? Is yo' ser'ous?"

"Cassandra!" the other call'd without the door.  
"Yes, Sinton. Out do', is you? I 'se be dar  
Right 'way. Laws! Mars Malcom, what cu'ious man  
Yo' is! Ha! ha! ha!—nebbcr in my baun days—

Nebber—"

"Cassandra! I 'se waitin'."

"I heah

Yo', Sinton. Mars Malcom yo' do beat all!

Was dar ebber sich a man befo'!"

"Cassandra?"

"Yes—yes. Doan I say I come?

Ony to tink!—ha! ha!—bress de Lor! Where's

Yo' guine to, Sinton? Dis do beat all, since

I 'se baun into dis heah worl'!"

The cov'ring snow

Fell fleecy on Culloden brae. The Scot

And wife, before them Jock outstretched, sat by

The roaring logs. Three months had now gone past

Since Sidney left. As yet no word had come.

However, she had, parting, said nothing

Except good tidings need be look'd for. As

They mus'd, Milbray, the neighbor, white with snow

Came to the door. When, by the matron's hand

Clean brush'd, the chair was plac'd before the cheerful

Flame. Anon he drew a letter forth. His  
Friends both read it through. 'T was Sidney's letter,  
Written from Aberdeen; and to the miller  
Sent. Alas!—it might as well have not been  
Sent at all. Noted physicians, English  
And Scottish both, had been consulted. All  
Of one mind: Scant hope.

No time appointed  
For returning home. Nor would she pain them  
With another letter, bearing sad news.  
So they must wait.

Winter!—monarch supreme  
O'er all the icy realm, twice came in pomp  
Of storm and blast, relentless tramp'ling Autumn's  
Glory out, and in a playful gaiety  
Resplendent jewels hanging on the crags.  
Cheerless the landscape round. On the wide reaches

Of the snow, in devious, mazy lines, footprints  
On all sides of the forests nightly prowlers  
Stamp'd. The roaring Connawasset, pride of  
The leafy woods, but voiceless now, creeps hidden  
To the river's bed. No carol of the summer's  
Choir is heard. Lone left of all the feather'd  
Tribes, the drumming pheasant, close shelter'd in  
The laurel clumps, distasteful fellowship  
Greets in its Arctic visitant, the owl.  
Around the sun-lit mountain peaks, in frosty  
Vesture clad, gleam in the chilly air.  
Beneath the straw-thatch'd shed the shiv'ring herd  
Is group'd; and household bevvies cluster at  
The hearth.

Two vernal springs—two summers came.  
And as the wild fowl, vocal overhead,  
Proclaim'd the autumn's reign, came travellers  
From abroad.

The supper through, and dishes  
Put away, Malcom and wife took places

At the hearth, listless to pass the hour. But  
 Suddenly were hasty steps without. Up  
 Flew the latch—the door burst ope ; and with a  
 Bound Cassandra enter'd.

“ We ’se come !—we ’se come !

O ! Mars and Mistiss ! heah we is ! We ’se com’d  
 At las’.”

“ An’ glad—maist glad we are,” the Scot  
 Replied. “ I was this vera moment rinnin’  
 The matter through my min’. I ’m ower glad  
 To leuk upo’ yer face. But, but Cassandra,  
 What, what maun the bundle be yer haudin’  
 • In yer arms ? ”

“ Lor !—Lor ! Mars Malcom, why yo’  
 Ax ? What ’s dis ?—dis heah ? Dis, dis sah, am  
 Malcom Chub, sah.”

“ By my saul ! ye dinna  
 Say ’t ! Malcom Chub ? I ’ll feel o’ him. He ’ll na  
 Break in twa, an’ I tak’ hauld o’ him ? ”

“ Lordy !

No! Mars Malcom. You may han'le him right Smart. No break 'bout him, sah. No, no; jes feel Dat leg."

"I see. A canny, strappan limb!  
How 's the ither?"

"Jes de same, Mars Malcom.  
Jes de same. Yes, sah, edzackly. Jes yo'  
Look at it."

"I'll tak' yer word for 't, Cassandra.  
Let me have him."

"Mos two yeah ole, he is.  
Now liff him up. Up wis yo' darlin'! Ain'  
He nice?"

"Why, that 's a' true. What sparklin' een!"  
"Dat is so, and den his hand, Mars Malcom!  
He can liff mos anything; so berry  
Strong in hands."

"Yes, faith!—he 's got me by the  
Nose already."

"Ha, ha, ha!—dat's jes his

Cu'ous ways. Was dar ebber sich a chile ? "

" Na—na. He's tap o' the list. Hech !—laddie !

Tak' yer paw out o' my mou ! "

" Did 'n I

Tell yo', Mars Malcom ? O, nebber, nebber

Sich a chile ! "

" There, noo !—the wee bit villain, wi'  
Baith hans hae grabbit in my hair ! "

" He, he, he !

Hole 'im off—hole 'im off ! "

Ere Malcom was

Aware, the wond'ring travelers group'd 'round  
Him.

Graceful the form with look benign,  
Of her the father clasp'd. Erect and noble,  
His eyes relum'd with intellectual grace,  
The man whose hand he took. No longer boy  
But man. Debility had chang'd to strength ;  
Suff'ring to health. To healing art from bookish  
Fountain drawn, in this case may be added,

Full draughts restorative from ocean's breeze  
And heather air. And not a little  
Commendation due, to salmon conflicts,  
On the Caledonian friths, and locks, and  
Rushing streams.



(Contributed by Ossian Marr, Esq., of Auckingill, Scotland.)

Hang pendants of the willow  
On Connawasset's flight ;  
For Sorrow's briny billow  
Breaks on Culloden's height ;  
And on the miller's pillow  
Drop tears the livelong night.

Far, far on Orkney Islands  
The tristful party roam ;  
Or in the Scottish Highlands  
Despondent tread the broom ;  
'T was in the good ship "Weiland"  
They left the natal home.

Now sits the mother knitting  
O'ercome with boding fears ;  
And by his hopper sitting  
The miller melts in tears ;  
And Malcom's peace is flitting  
As he strokes the spaniel's ears.

But joy at Brae Culloden !

Hearts glad as hearts can be !  
For on the " Bonny Snowden,"

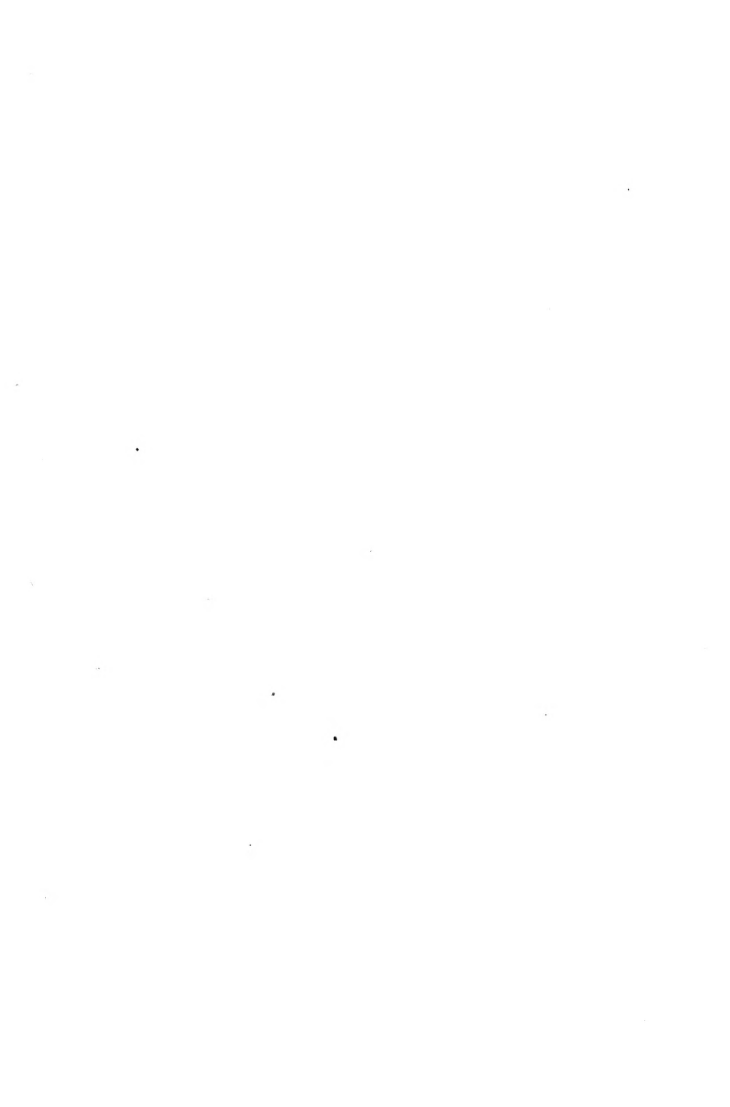
Across the swelling sea,  
Come Stephen and the maiden  
To bless the waiting three.

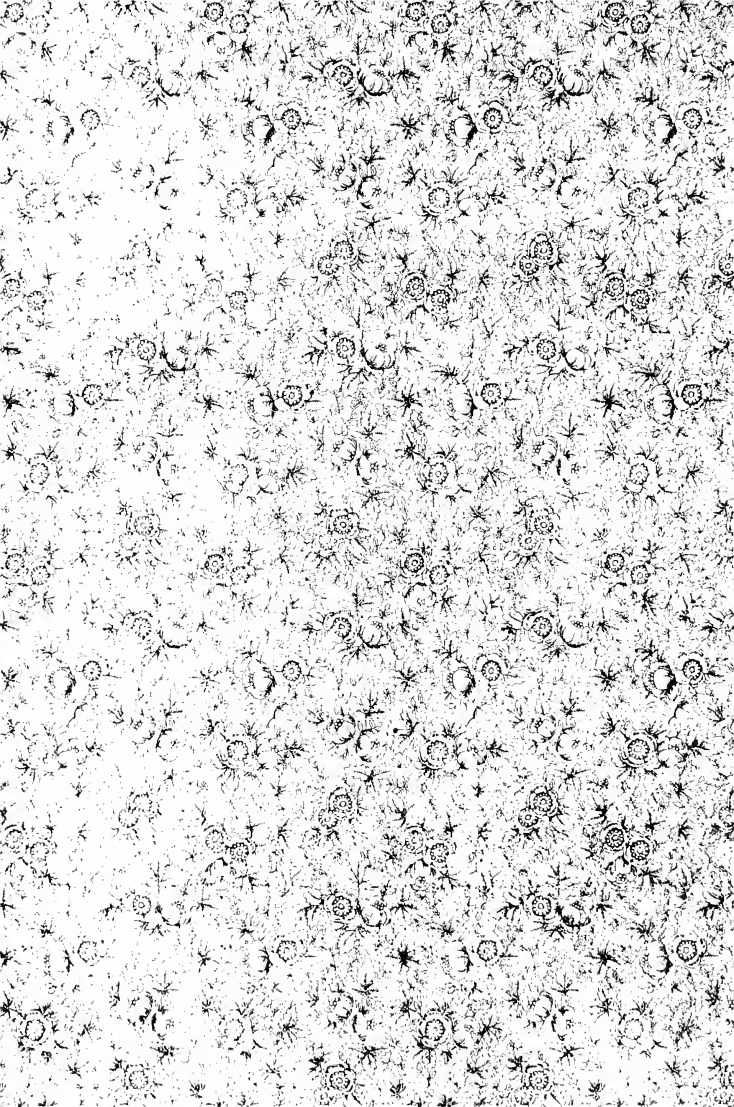
The cloud the youth was under  
Dropt on the Highland moor ;  
'T was Sidney's nursing tender  
Help'd on the final cure ;  
And, the trip produced a wonder !  
Cassandra's blackamoor !

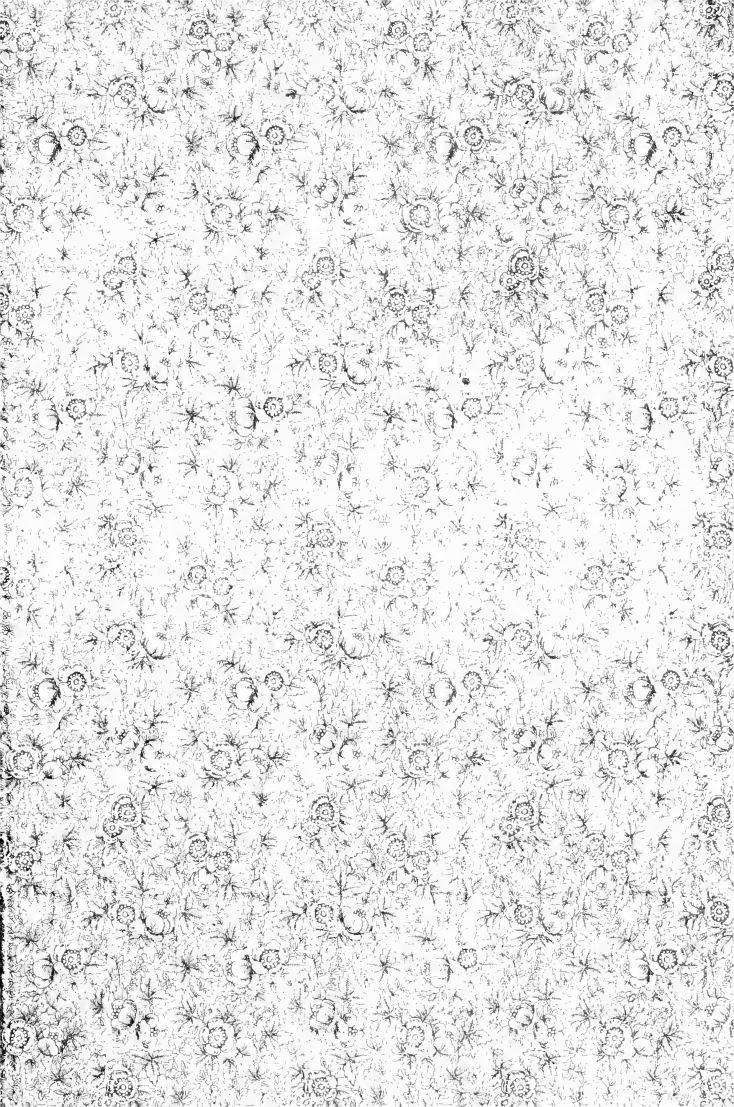
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